

(Cicero's M. T.) [Two or more philosophical
works]

TULLY'S
TWO ESSAYS
OF
Old Age,
AND OF
Friendship.
WITH
His Stoical PARADOXES,
and Scipio's DREAM.

Render'd into English by
SAMUEL PARKER, Gent.

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Luces in Little-Britain. 1704.



TO
The HONOURABLE
Sackville Tufton Esq;

S I R,

AS the following Essays
in the Original are,
I think, the best fini-
shed, and the brightest
Part of Cicero's (and per-
haps of all the Roman) Phi-
losophy ; So, I hope, this

A 3 Tran.

The Dedication.

Translation of them may
deserve your Acceptance
and Favour.

The Argument of the
first is that Period of Life,
which all that have the Ho-
nour to know you, think
it their Duty and Interest
to wish may be long and
happy to you.

The Subject of the Se-
cond peculiarly concerns
Men of Honour and Gene-
rosity; and your claim to
it

The Dedication.

it is Obvious. What Interest you have in the Compositions that follow the Title of the first Paradox, and the Character of *Scipio* may sufficiently intimate.

But to forbear Applications of this kind, which tho' ever so Just, are commonly Offensive, or at least Insipid to a Masculine Spirit; I am confident, Sir, you will not only excuse what I am now going to tell you, but take it very kindly

The Dedication.

ly too ; and it is this, that as despicable a Present as the Criticks may think I make you, I desire this Dedication may be Interpreted as sincere and significant an Expression of my Respects to you, as *Tully* meant his Address to *Atticus* or *Brutus*.

And I flatter my self you'll find it no disagreeable Amusement in the Country, at your Intervals of Retiring, to try the Conversation.

The Dedication.

versation of *Cato*, *Laelius*,
Scævola, *Scipio*, polish'd and
improv'd by the Pen of
Cicero; to contemplate the
very Souls of Gentlemen
so true to the Interest of
their Country; so frank and
generous in their Friend-
ships; so Serious and Instru-
ctive; and at the same time
so Entertaining in their
Talk. Such Acquaintance,
tho' they bring along with
them an impertinent, un-
accomplish'd Interpreter;
yet I am sure will be wel-

A 5 come;

The Dedication.

come; and let the Merit
of Introducing them in-
cline you to put a Favou-
rable Construction upon
the officious Intrusion of,

Honoured Sir,

Your most Oblig'd

and most Faithful

Humble Servant

S. Parker.

PREFACE.

I Have nothing to tell the Reader, but only in general, that being encourag'd by my Author's Example, the greatest Part of whose Philosophical Works, (as Mr. Dodwell observes in his Apology for them prefixt to my Translation of Tully, de Finibus Bonorum & Malorum) is only a Translation of the Sense of others, for the Benefit of his own Nation; I am as zealous for having all his Moral Treatises appear in ours, as we find he was for recommending the Philosophy of the Greeks, in his own Language, particularly as to the following Discourses, which have many admirable Suggestions in them that seem to have been underiv'd from the Foreign Schools; I conceive a Translation
of

The P R E F A C E.

of them may not only be Acceptable, but Useful, especially to those that are Admirers either of Accuracy in the Distribution and Method, or of Elegance and Perspicuity in the Illustration of an Argument. And whatever Imperfections discover themselves in the Reasoning Part, must be accounted for from the Frailty of the Natural Judgment; 'till 'tis Corrected and Illuminated by the Dictates of Divine Revelation.

One of the grossest Errors in his Philosophy, I have set a Mark upon in my Marginal Note, (Pag. 211.) where he ascribes a Principle of Self-Motion to the Soul of Man; tho' all the while he was Writing he could not but find the Operations of his own Soul to be successive, and consequently must know they begun Originally from another Self-moving Cause.

TULLY's

TULLY'S

Cato Major :

O R,

ESSAY upon OLD AGE; Ad-
dress'd to *Titus Pomponius Atticus*.

PErchance the *Muses* bring a chearful Cup
Of *Helicon*, to Pb'lip your Spirits up,
Will they deserve a Fee?
Say'd the jolly old *Versifier*
(That ne'r bad the Fortune to deal,
In the Fruits of the Mint, but was Honest as
Steel.)

to *Titus Flaminius*, tho' as for his *Titus*,

— Whether he left or kept the Bed,

He still complain'd of aking Heart and Head;
Which cannot be said of mine, at least by me,
that know so very well how great a Command
you exercise over your self, and can vouch for
you, that an Honorary Name was the slightest

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of

of the Purchases you made at *Athens*, in comparison with what you brought home besides, in Philosophical Accomplishments and Managery. And yet as well appointed as you are, I believe, I could produce you an Inventory of Mortifications and Difficulties enough, to make either of us shrug his shoulders; but of these respectively; and the way to conquer them, we shall have occasion to discourse of another time. At present, if you please, we'll pitch upon the Subject of *Old Age*, a very ugly sort of business, that if it has not overtaken us both already, is just at our Heels, and therefore to be provided against in the first Place; Tho' (for your part) I am sensible neither that nor any thing else can throw you off your Conduct. However, as I found my self inclin'd to put my Thoughts upon the Argument in Black and White, so I perceiv'd my self oblig'd in Charity to direct them to *Pomponius*, as my Brother in Affliction. And to tell you the Truth, in the very composing of this little Essay I was so sensibly reliev'd, that the Lees of Life methought, as discouraging and sour as they had been before, grew savoury and agreeable. O what a noble *Specifick* art thou, *Philosophy*! that canst ensure a Man's happiness from the Cradle to the Grave; if he will but make a right use of thee! Not here to enlarge upon the Fundamentals of Wisdom and Discipline in general, which either have been

been already stated, or shall be consider'd by us elsewhere. For at present my Business is wholly with the Subject of *Old Age*; if it shall please you to receive my notions of it, which I shall give you in the form of an *extempore* Lecture, as from the Mouth of *Marcus-Cato*, in his declining years, a *Representative*, whose Name may probably turn as much to the advantage of the Argument as *Aristo's* Romantick Character of *Tichonus* did his a prejudice. *Laelius* and *Scipio* are supposed to put him upon the Discourse by discovering how strangely it had affected them to see him and his *Years* so well agreed. Upon this *Cato* acquaints them with the Mystery of it; and perhaps you'll think, I have made him talk with a greater shew of Learning than we meet with in his Books; but 'tis hoped you'll ascribe all that to his general Knowledge of the *Greek* Authors; for to these as you know, he apply'd himself entirely toward the latter end of his days. In a word, *Cato's* Sentiments upon the point are the same as mine, and I'll be answerable for all he says.

Scipio. *Laelius* and I, Sir, have always contemplated every instance of your Vertue and Wisdom with veneration. But nothing has astonish'd us so much as your Indifference and Cheerfulness under the inconveniences of *Old Age*. I'm sure other People at your years are

as impatient as if they had *Atlas's Burthen* upon their shoulders.

Cato. Alas, Gentlemen ! is that so very surprizing ? 'Tis true, till a Man is furnish'd for living vertuously and happily, whether Old or Young, he must be miserable, but he that has the right Materials *within*, 'tis impossible he should reckon upon any thing as an *Evil* that falls in among the ordinary and necessary Articles of *Living*. One of the principal of these, I take it, is *Old Age*. And 'tis pleasant to observe the weakness, the levity, and the peevishness of Mankind. Nothing will serve them but they must live till they be Old ; and yet when they are come to *Fourscore*, they fall out with it. *O but*, say they, *we little expected it so soon*. And who can help your want of *Arithmerick*, ? Has the third *Spoke* in the Wheel follow'd the Second faster than the Second follow'd the First ? And if you wince and complain in your Eightieth, do you think if you were to live Three hundred Years longer, you should relish things better then ? Since 'tis certain, when Indiscretion and Error go along with *Old Age* ; the consideration of the time that's *over* with us, can carry no satisfaction in it, tho' the Allowance has been ever so large. And therefore that wise and sober Management (which you are pleas'd to compliment me with) I wish I had as good a Title to
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the Reputation of it, as you suppose, at least for the Credit of their Judgments that have conferr'd upon me a kind appellation to that effect, is all resolv'd into this, that as God has given us Nature for an infallible Guide, so we are to resign our selves entirely to her Directions, and by no means to entertain such unworthy Thoughts, either of her diligence or her skill, as if she had finish'd four Acts of the great Play to advantage, and bestowed no Pains upon the Fifth. At the same time there's a necessity for it, we may be sure, that Men as well as Orchards and Hedges should have their Seasons of shriv'ling and shedding, and that's enough in conscience to support a Wise Man, unless he is resolv'd to flie in the Face of Nature, and list himself among the *Titans*.

Lal. The Time Sir, must come, (at least we hope it will) when, as young as we are now, *Scipio* and I may be as far advanc'd as your self. And therefore I dare say, you'll oblige us both by putting us beforehand in a way how to relieve our selves, when it comes to that once.

Cat. With all my Heart, *Laelius*, if *Scipio* consents to what you have undertaken for him in the Proposal.

Lel. You have made the Tour already, Sir, and we possibly may have as large a Compass to fetch. Can you think then we should not be very glad to know the Course of the Country?

Cat. Be it so, *Lelius*; I'll do what I can for you; and thus much I can say, in my daily Conversation with my *Contemporaries*, (as you know *Like will to Like*, as long as the World lasts) I have been trusted with all their grievances, over and over again. I have heard the Complaints particularly of *Caius Salinator*, and *Spurius Albinus*, both Men of Quality, and much about my *Standing*. O! (say they) all the Pleasures and Entertainments of Life are evaporated, and we have nothing left but *Sediment*! And all the respect and attendance that us'd to be paid us, is worn into neglect and aversion. But certainly these Malecontents must have laid the Saddle upon the wrong Horse. If these disadvantages were naturally consequent to Old Age, it would never be without them: Which is not so. For I have known a great many Old Men, that instead of Remonstrating, have thought themselves happy in the Ebb and Retreat of Appetite, and found no cause to suspect the influence of their Character or Authority in the least abated: No, no, the Fault's in the Head, and not in the gray Hairs. Old Age is no such uncomfortable State if *People will*
but

but govern themselves and manage rationally; but if they're Impatient and Undisciplin'd, Old or Young they had better be out of the World.

Lel. I think so. In the mean time, it should seem, you have the Advantage Sir, of other People at your Age, with regard to the circumstances of Wealth, Honour, and Power, which are excellent *Elixirs*.

Cat. I'll allow it you, *Lelius*; These Privileges are a Help, but yet they won't do alone. We may say of *Old Age* what *Themistocles* said of *Seriphius*, upon a Quarrel with him. *Seriphius* had told him, 'Twas the Name of the Place where he was Born, and not any Merit of his own that had given him all his Reputation and Figure in the World. It may be so; (reply'd *Themistocles*) but for all that, were *Seriphius* an Athenian, he'd have as little to recommend him, as *Themistocles*, if he were *Seriphius*. Thus as to the Condition of the Aged; 'tis confess'd, a Man of Understanding must find it an afflicting one, when 'tis attended with extreme Poverty and Indigence; but then on 'tother hand, a Superannuated Pendant, in the midst of the largest Affluence and Prerogatives, cannot render it Supportable: For I'll tell you, Gentlemen, the only Weapons to Fence with against Age are Moral Accomplishments, and Virtuous Habits. If these are secur'd and cultivated betimes, 'tis not

to be imagin'd, what Encouragement and Sufficiency they'll afford at the latter end of the Day; for let the Engagement last never so long, they never quit the Cause till their *Officer* drops. Besides, the Answer of a good Conscience upon the Review of a Man's Life and Conversation, is the noblest Refreshment in the World. When I was yet a Youth, I took as much Pleasure in the Familiarity I was admitted to with the great *Quintus Maximus*, that retook *Tarentum*, as if we had reckon'd Years alike. There was an excellent mixture of Gravity, and good Humour in that worthy Person. Nor could his Temper be sour'd by any outward Decay. He was not a very Old Man when I had first the Honour and Happiness to be known to him; tho' then going down the Hill. I came into the World in the time of his first Consulat; in his Fourth I made a Campaign under him as a Volunteer, in his Expedition against *Capua*; and five years after I was with him at the Siege of *Tarentum*. At the same time I bore the *Quæstorial* Office; after which I was chosen *Edile*, and *Prætor* four Years after that, under the Consulat of *Tuditanus* and *Cethegus*. *Fabius* was then of a very great Age, and vigorously solicited the passing of the Bill about *Bounty-Money*. He behav'd himself as bravely and briskly in the Field, when one would have thought him Worn out and Disabled;

as

as if he had not been turn'd of Thirty ; and as Enterprizing a young General as *Hannibal* was, he broke his Spirit and his Measures too, utterly by not *hazarding a Battle*. My old Friend *Ennius* has two or three handsome Lines upon it.

Unus homo nobis, &c.

* *Fabius was slow, but sure, and his Delay Restor'd the tottering State. Now 'twas his way To mind his Business, not what People said : He liv'd a Great Man, but he's Greater dead.*

• S. R. L' Estrange's Tully's Offices.

How extraordinary were the Proofs he gave us of his Vigilance and Policy at the Siege of *Tarentum* ! which puts me in mind of what I heard him tell *Salinator* ; who (tho' he had parted with the Town, and retir'd into the Citadel) was bragging to *Fabius* of his *Services*, and that he could never have recover'd the Place if it had not been for himself. Thou art in the right (said *Fabius*, with a Smile,) for if you had not lost it, I cou'd ne'er have retook it. And then he was as good a *Statesman* as a *Soldier* ; witness that Resolution with which he oppos'd *Caius Flaminius* the City Tribune, when *Flaminius* thought fit to make Assignments of the Lands in *Picenum* and *Gallia*, in contempt of the *Senate's* Order and Authority. 'Twas

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under the second Consulship of *Fabius*, and his Colleague, *Spurius Calvinus* declin'd to appear in the Business. Who but *Fabius* durst have utter'd what he said when he was *Augur*? *Optimis auspiciis ea geri*, &c. 'Tis impossible the *AUSPICES* should be amiss, when there's any thing to be transacted to the advantage of the Commonwealth, or promising when a Practice will turn to its Prejudice. I could presently run you up a thousand instances of the Greatness of his Soul; but, to mention one for all; What a Composedness and Resignation did he shew upon the loss of that admir'd and honourable Person, his Son *Quintus*? I have the draught of that Gentleman's Character lying by me; and whenever I look it over, I cannot help thinking very meanly of the best of the Philosophers. Nor was our *Fabius* only Serviceable and Considerable upon Publick Occasions, and to the View of the World. If 'twere possible, he recommended himself rather more in his Privacys and behind the Scene. His Maxims and Discourses were admirable: He was a wonderful Critick in the knowledge of *Antiquity*, and understood all the *Augurial* Preeminences and Oeconomy perfectly well, and had made himself every way as good a Scholar as any *Roman* whatsoever in those days. His Memory was a prodigious one; No Military Action had pass'd in any of the Wars, either at home or abroad, but he had every circum-

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cumstance of it in his head. And I must confess, when I recollect with what attention and eagerness I listen'd to all he said, I am perswaded 'twas from a secret assurance of what has since come to pass, that when *Fabius* was gone, I should never have such another Master. To return ; if you ask me what's all this to the Business ? Let me tell you 'tis very pertinent ; for 'tis absolutely unconceivable how the Maladies of Age should incommode such a Man. 'Tis true, every *Long-liver* is not a *Scipio* or a *Maximus*, and cannot solace himself upon his Crutches, with the remembrance of how many Towns he has carry'd, how many Fleets and Armies he has had the Command of, how many successful Expeditions he has been sent upon, and how many *Triumphs* he has been rewarded with. No matter : If we can but remember we have pass'd our time honestly, peaceably, and reputably, the *Evening* of Life must certainly prove Calm and Fair ; as in the instance of *Plato* (who dy'd with his Pen in his hand at *Fourscore and one*) and of *Isocrates*, who was *Ninety-four* when he writ his *Panathenaicus*, and lived five years after. *Leontinus Gorgias*, his Preceptor, held it out to a *Hundred and Seven* ; and which is more, he Read and Compos'd to the last. The Question was put him, *What was his Fancy for living so long ?* Because, says he, *I have nothing to say against Old Age.*

'Twas

'Twas generously answer'd, and like a *Man of Letters*. Imprudence and Temerity propagate Disorders and Defects, and then Old Age must *father* them. Honest *Ennius* aforesaid, thought the case hard, it seems,———*Sicut fortis Equus*, &c.

So the proud Racer that has often run
Th' Olympick Heats, as oft the Prizes won,
First finds, when Old, his happy days begun. }

He's pleas'd to resemble his own Case to that of an *Emerit* Horse that's come off with Honour. Possibly your selves, Gentlemen, are not so young, but you may remember the Man too; in the time of *Titus Flaminius* and *Marcus Acilius's* Consulship, he had not been dead above twenty years, for he dy'd when *Philip* was the second time Consul, and *Cepio* his Collegue. I was at that time about Five and Forty, and press'd the Passing of the *Voconian* Law. My Voice was strong, and my Lungs firm in those days. To be short, *Ennius* dy'd not till his Seventieth Year; and was so far from being mortify'd by two of the greatest Afflictions incident to human Life, that he really play'd with them. To come forward; I can think of but Four Discouragements which may seem to justify our Aversion to Old Age. The first is, because it indisposes us for Action and Business; the second,

second, because 'tis accompany'd with Ailings and Infirmities; the third, because it takes away the Relish of sensual Satisfactions and Gratifications; the fourth, because it is an *Introduction* to Death. Give me leave to examine each Article of the Impeachment, and how far it affects the Defendant. Well then, *Old Age unqualifies us for Action and Enterprize*: That is to say, it disables a Man for acting the same Part which he did heretofore, when he was Young and Vigorous. But are there no *Sedentary Functions* to be thought of? No serviceable Exercises and Duties for the Soul to be employ'd upon, when the Carcass is wither'd and lay'd up? What shall we say of *Quintus Maximus*? Of *Lucius Paulus*, your Father *Scipio*, and Father-in-Law to my Son, and the Glory of my Family? Of the *Fabricij*, *Curij*, *Corneleij*, and a hundred more? Did the Defect of Juvenile Spirits make these Men Idle or Useless? And was not the Government happy in the venerable Interpositions of their Experience and Authority? *Appius Claudius* was Old and Blind at the same time; but for all that, perceiving the Senate dispos'd to come to a Treaty and strike a League with *Pyrrhus*, he was in a condition to expostulate as zealously as *Ennius* himself could make him.

Quo notis mentes, recte quae stare solebant, &c.

Once

Once was your Wisdom deep, your Counsels wise :
 What Frenzy turns your Brain, and cheats your
 Eyes ? —————

and so forth. You know the Verses I mean : There's Life and Spirit in them. The Speech it self too, which *Appius* made upon that occasion, is in Being : It came from him Seventeen Years after his Second *Consulat*, which was Ten Years after his First, and he had been *Censor* some time before that : So that in the time of the War with *Pyrrhus*, he must have been a very *Nestor* almost ; and yet you see he was fit for Service, if Records and Tradition may be credited. To represent Old Age as a State of Inactivity and Insignificancy, 'tis a preposterous, unaccountable Presumption ; just as if a Passenger in a Ship, observing all the Seamen in a Hurry, some running up the Cables, some scouring about above, and some below Deck, and others working the Pump, should take no notice of the *Pilot*, and look upon him as meer *Ballast*, because he sits close and fixt at the Helm. Perhaps he cannot undertake to rub through the Drudgery of the Youngsters ; but at the same time he's administering a Province of much greater Consequence ; For after all, Muscles and Sinews, and Animal Spirits can be no more than the remote Causes of any great Atchievement.

'Tis

'Tis Conduct, Sagacity, and Authority that give Birth and Being to them: And these Qualifications are so far from losing any thing by the *Accessions* of Age, that they thrive and get ground by it. Permit me to instance in my self. I have formerly expos'd my self a Champion for my Country in many dangerous Expeditions: I have asserted her Cause in the Character of a *Volunteer*, a *Tribune*, a *Lieutenant-General*, and a *Consul*. Those days of Action are past and gone; and I am now a little too Old to lie in the Trenches: But still I fantasie my self *good for something*; else I should not presume to advise the Senate about the Expediency of Publick Councils and Resolutions, and the right methods of prosecuting them, particularly at this Juncture, with regard to those preventional measures which I propound of acting Offensively and Effectually against *Carthage*. Her Power and Emulation are very Formidable, and have threaten'd us too long; and I shall never sleep sound till that City's a Heap of Rubbish. It must be so; and something whispers it in my Soul, *Scipio*, that you are the happy Man, dispos'd and destin'd by the Favour of Heaven, to the Glory of finishing that Work, and deciding that Competition your Noble Grand-Father has left Depending. I remember him well, and shall never lose the Noble Idea. I was Thirty Three Years Old when he dy'd: That
was

was a Year or thereabouts before my *Censorship*, and Nine Years after his Second *Consulat*, when I had the honour to be his *Colleague*. I dare say, had that Worthy Person stag'd it out to a Hundred, his Declension would never have made him Peevish or Melancholy: For tho' it had been a great deal too late for him to think any more of *Charging* and *Scaling*, of darting his *Pike* and bathing his *Rapier*; yet he would have follow'd his Business as close another way, in the exercise of his Understanding, and the application of his Knowledge and Experience. In reference to which, as appearing most Eminent and Observable in Aged People, our Predecessours gave the great Council of the Government the Name of *Senate*; as the *Lacedemonians* plac'd the Senior-Citizens at the head of Affairs, and then call'd them *what* they found them. Consult the History of the World, and that will satisfy you that the Young Ones have always made work for the Old Ones; and that whenever the former have been disjointing and shattering the most Flourishing Kingdoms and States, the latter have stept in to secure the Main Chance, and set them together agen.

———— Say, by *what impetuous Fate*,
Or Politicks absurd, your Power's destroy'd?
 is an Enquiry offer'd in a Tragedy of *Nævius*.
 The Answer to it begins thus, ————— *Unskilful Boys were in our Cause employ'd*, ---and so
 he

he goes on, intimating this undeniable Truth,
 That *Temerity* leads the *Van*, and *Prudence*
 brings up the *Rear of Life*. You'll tell me that
 Age is apt to impair the *Memory*: And I
 grant you, this Faculty fails, unless you keep
 it upon Duty; especially when Nature has
 not bestow'd it in Perfection. *Themistocles* had
 all the Names of his Fellow-Citizens in his
 Head: And we cannot pretend Time had so
 defac'd or shuffled the Characters, but that he
 could readily distinguish *Aristides* from *Lysi-*
machus, to the last. I'll say that for my self,
 I can give a very particular and competent
 Account of the present Generation, and of
 their *Fathers* and *Grandfathers* before them too.
The Memory (says the Proverb) *lasts as long as*
the Monument: While the Epitaphs of my
 Old *Acquaintance* are legible, I shall have my
 Remembrancers. Was it ever known in this
 World that a doting *Wolpone* forgot where he
 bury'd his Money? They can remember what
 they have a mind to as well as other People:
 Never fear them for *Principal* and *Interest*, *Deb-*
tour and *Creditour*, and all that. So agen, for
 the Men of the long Robe, the Members of
 the Pontifical and Augurial *Orders*, and your
 Paralytical Philosophers: What a strange
 Multiplicity and Variety of Observations and
 Notions have they to shew for themselves?
 Till an Old Man puts a Neglect upon his Parts,
 they seldom desert him, whether his Condi-
 tion

tion be Publick or Private, Illustrious or Ordinary. *Sophocles* wrote for the Stage as long as he liv'd, and he was smitten with the Employment to such a degree, that his Children made a Pretence of it to prefer a Bill against their Father for neglecting the Estate, and forsaking the Care of his Family; as there is likewise a *Provision* in our own Constitution, *That a Father of a Family forfeits his Property in the Fortunes of it, if he will not look after them.* Upon this occasion (says the Story) the poor Old Bard produc'd his last New Play, which was his *Oedipus Coloneus*; read it in open Court, then appeal'd to them, *Whether a Mad-man and a Dotard cou'd have work'd up such a Drama,* and so carry'd his Cause. 'Twas not in the power of Old Age, it seems, to divert our Tragedian from his Business; no, nor *Homer, Hesiod, Simonides, Stesichorus,* nor the two great Men I mention'd before, *Isocrates* and *Gorgias*; nor the Prime Philosophers of old, *Pythagoras, Democritus, Plato, Xenocrates,* nor those that came after them, as *Zeno, Cleanthes, and Diogenes the Stoick,* the same that was here with us at *Rome* since your time. 'Tis certain every one of these contriv'd the matter so, that they gave over Studying and Breathing at once. Not to pursue the Advantage of those Instances which the more sublime Professions and Exercises of Life afford, I cou'd give you a List of some of my
good

good Neighbours and Friends, honest Farmers of *Roman* Extraction, in the *Sabin* Territory; during whose absence at any time the Principal Concerns in the Country, as Sowing, Reaping, Carrying in, &c. are quite at a stand. Tho' possibly we may have the less reason to wonder at this, because the oldest Man living has a Prospect and Expectation of getting over the other Twelve Months at least: But then in other cases too, where themselves are really dis-interested, they are as Necessary and as Forward. They intail an Obligation upon their Posterity by laying out Orchards and Gardens for them, (says *Statius* in his *Synephebi*.) Examine an antiquated Peasant at any time, For whose sake it is that he makes his Plantations, and he'll tell you, 'Tis for *Heaven's* sake, that convey'd what my Progenitors had either merited or purchas'd to me, and requires I should leave it as much improv'd as I can to my Successours. Elsewhere the Poet now Quoted forgets himself, *Adepol senectus, si nihil quidquam aliud vitij, &c.* Were there nothing Disagreeable in Old Age besides, that's Pennance enough in all conscience, that the longer a Man holds out, the more Eye-Sores he meets with. And why not as many satisfactory Objects? As if 'twere not the mishap of Young People too sometimes, to see more of the World than they are pleas'd with. Agen; The same Author shoots wider than before, *Tum equidem in Senectâ, &c.* And that's another
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deplorable Ingredient in Old Age, (says he) that it makes a Man a Burthen to himself, and that he, finds himself so to other People— Just the contrary ! The Younger Sort and the Elderly are much better agreed than this comes to : The latter please themselves extreamly in the Conversation of the former, when they perceive them generously inclin'd : And any Arguments of Respect and Affection obtain'd from them, recal the Spirits and encourage a difficult Circulation. As on the other hand, the Juniors attend with Alacrity and Delight to those obliging Directions and Informations which flow from the Lips of the Aged and Experienc'd ; inculcating the Principles and recommending the Practice of Vertue. And at this very time, I am perswaded Old *Cato's* Company is as refreshing and acceptable to You as Yours to him : There is no Love lost between us. Thus much may suffice to shew you that Lassitude and Insignificancy are so little essential to Old Age, that on the contrary 'tis Industrious and Indefatigable, and pushes the Prosecution of its Purposes with Diligence. Then we have frequent Examples of those that never thought themselves too old to learn. *Solon* in his Verses values himself upon reflecting, that his Understanding improv'd as fast as his Days multiply'd. I have taken this Hint my self, and devoted my Fragments of Life to the Study of the *Greek Language* and

and Authours, and have every Morning return'd with an awaken'd Appetite, and a fresh Ardour to the reading of them, in quest of such Authorities and Instances as I alledge upon this very occasion. Among others of this kind that came in my way, is that of *Socrates*, who toward the latter end of his Life became a Practitioner in *Musick*, (a very creditable Accomplishment in the opinion of the Ancients) and I could wish I had try'd at it my self. However, I have minded my Book, and lost no time in my Closet. In the next place, as to any Decrease of Strength and Vigor (which was the Second Hardship objected) in earnest, I find my self, upon the Experiment, altogether as insensible of the Loss, as in my Prime I was of the want of a Bull's or an Elephant's Muscles. A wise Man should be thankful for the Allowances prescrib'd by Providence, and make the best use of his Powers, as far as they'll go. Could any thing have expos'd the littleness of *Milo's* Soul more untowardly than the Dissatisfaction he discover'd at last ; when upon contemplating the *Olympick* Champions in the heat of Engagement, he turn'd his Eyes upon his Elbows, and (with Tearstrickling down) *Alas! my poor Arms* (said he) *you've lost your feeling!* Now I say rather, alas! poor *Milo*, 'twere well if You had as much Sense as your Arms! But we know by what Tenure you held your

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Credit, Sir: Not that of a Reasonable and Intrinsick Merit, but from that of a Brutish Impetuosity and Robustness. *Sextus Aelius*, and *Titus Coruncanæus* stood otherwise affected heretofore, as did also *Publius Crassus* after them. Whatever any of these Three advis'd or mov'd, was an Oracle; and their Abilities encreas'd upon them to the day of their Death. I must confess, Old Age is a Foe to the Qualifications of an Orator; for tho' it spares his Head, it may spoil his Delivery. And yet for my own part, as far gone as I am, I continue still Master of my Accents. It seems, long Life does not always cost a Man the Cadency and Grace of his Pronunciation. An Aged Man's Voice has its Beauties, tho' it's weak and low: And 'tis ten to one but the very Decorum and Easiness of his Eloquence commands Attention and Assent. I do not insinuate as if mine had such a Power with it; and yet I am confident, my Suggestions will go a great way with *Scipio* and *Lælius*: At least an old Man with a Knot of hopeful and obliging Pupils about him, has all the reason in the World to be proud of his happiness: For a more handsom and significant Employment there cannot be, than to inform the Unexperienc'd and fix the Foundations of Sobriety and Conduct. As for Example, *Cneius* and *Publius Scipio*, and so their Predecessors *Lucius Æmilius* and *Publius Africanus*, when they had

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all the Flower of the Nobility about them, wanted nothing, as I apprehended, to compleat their Happiness. And 'tis a Rule, *Once a valuable Professor in any Faculty, and always so,* whatever becomes of the Verdure and Vigour of the body: To which (by the way) the Excesses of Youth prove generally more prejudicial than the Approaches of Age: For he that spurs on too fast, and runs all lengths at his first setting out, 'tis impossible but he must come Jaded and Broken-winded home. *Xenophon*, when he comes to *Cyrus's* dying Bequests and Declarations, makes him assure the By-standers that his Age had never sunk his Constitution, and that he had found himself as strong and hearty toward the conclusion of his Life (which was a long one) as in the very Bloom of it. And in my remembrance *Lucius Metellus* (who four Years after his Second *Consulat* was created *Pontifex Maximus*, and enjoy'd the Honour of that Dignity Two and Twenty Years) continued so Lusty and Jolly to the last, that altho' he reach'd an extreme Old Age, he was Young to his Dying Day. I might offer my self as another Instance of this kind, and justifie it upon my Privilege of being so, as well as *Nestor* in *Homer*, when he runs out, as he frequently does, in favour of his own Character and Qualifications. A Man that had bury'd two Generations already, and was in a fair way to see an end of
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the third; certainly if any body might be allow'd to stand upon his Points and be a little full of himself (provided he cou'd make his words good) 'twas He; and especially if he was Master of all that charming Eloquence ascrib'd to him by *Homier*, and those Sweets of *Hymettus*, which Age cou'd not exhaust with his Vital Juices. Hence it was that his *General* would have been so glad, not of half a score *Ajaxes*, but *Nestors*; and cou'd he but have them, he was confident he should bring the Siege to a sudden Issue. To speak more particularly of my self: I am now in my Eighty Fourth Year; and altho' I will not pretend to come up with *Cyrus*, tho' I have not the Force and Flame as when I went a *Volunteer*, and then a *Quæstor* in the *Punick* War, as when I commanded in the Quality of *Consul* in *Spain*, and four Years after, when *Manlius Acilius Glabrio* sustain'd that Office, was one of his Colonels, and led on my Men at *Thermopyla*: Notwithstanding all this, I do not reckon my self in my Ruins yet: I am not so disabled but I can do some good in the World, when the Concerns and Exigencies either of the Publick or of my own Friends and Dependants challenge the best Endeavours of my Head and my Lungs: For as for that stale and celebrated Proverb, *He that would make the most of Old Age, must begin with it betimes*, I am so little sway'd by it, that I

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confess I am rather for deducting from my Seniority, than for making my self Old before I am so; and therefore I am as easie of access, and as ready to serve a Friend as ever. And if I am weaker in my Limbs than ever a one of you, why, the Answer is ready; you are not so strong as *Titus Pontius* the Centurion; but yet that will not render his Person more valuable than yours. What if we are not as unmanageable as Giants? Let us but make our Ammunition go as far as we can, and we shall find our selves fairly provided for. The Story goes of *Milo*, that when he enter'd the Lists at the *Olympick* Prizes, he brought a live Bull upon his Back. And which do you think wou'd turn to your better Account, the Sufficiency of *Milo's* Muscles, or *Pythagoras's* Understanding? Let every Man make the most of the Advantage, and set his Heart at rest, when he has lost it. Otherwise we shall have some People at Twenty, calling out for Childhood agen, and running mad at Forty, because they are past Twenty. Now the Stages and Divisions of Life are fixt; Nature goes but by one Road and Rule. And every Degree and Date of Life challenges its Circumstances in Season. We are helpless and tender in our Infancy, Sudden and Headstrong in our Youth, Serious and Recollected upon the sinking of the Tide; and therefore when we hold out to the further end of Life, we

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ought to expect whatever is incident or natural to it. You cannot but have heard, *Scipio*, how well *Masiniſſa*, that has been a Friend to your Family, almost time out of Mind, bears his Age still. By this time he reckons Ninety compleat. Sometimes he walks, and sometimes he rides. If he sets out upon a Journey on foot, his Legs must carry him to the end on't; if he's for a Progress on Horse-back, he is as true to his Saddle. Let it rain, or shine, or freeze, 'tis all one to him; his Head's uncovered. In a word, he has taken such effectual measures to support his Faculties, and confirm his Constitution, as to be able at this day to carry the weight of a Crown, and conquer all the Fatigues of Majesty. So that 'tis plain enough, Age it self cannot break us if we prevent its Impressions by Exercise and Temperance. But what if Old Age prove a state of Impotency? So long as it has little or no occasion for the vigour of Youth—— Consider Publick Authority has every where exempted us from the Administration of all Publick Offices, that require the Powers of the Body: And 'tis so little expected from us, to do *more* than we are able, that we are not obliged to do so much. Well, but sometimes People when they grow in years, are pester'd with so many Ailings, and Indispositions, that they are fit for no sort of Business. I grant it; but then 'tis unfair to charge that up-
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on Age which is purely the effect of an ill habit of Body ; As in the instance, that Gentleman that adopted you, *Scipio*, I mean *Publius Africanus's* Son, in what a Crazy, Languid, Uncomfortable Condition, did he linger off ? And a thousand pittys it was ; for otherwise he had certainly made as great a Man as his Father, and indeed as much greater as he would have had the odds of him in point of Learning. Upon the whole ; If Youth it self is liable to a thousand Maladys and Indispositions, it ought to be no objection against Old Age, if 'tis out of sorts now and then. All that can be say'd is, we must bear up briskly against the Affliction, and overpower it with Philosophical Applications and Resolutions. If *Life* at long run turns to a Disease, we must encounter the Malignity as well as we can, contrive to keep Nature in her Channel, have recourse to moderate Exercise, and eat and drink no more than will satisfy without Surfeiting. And as the Body must be carefully nurs'd and fortified ; So 'tis at least as necessary that the Mind also be preserv'd in good case and condition. This Heavenly *Lamp* must be duly fed and encourag'd ; else 'twill burn dim upon consuming. And there's no Aliment so proper for it as Exercise, and Agitation ; for tho' the Body cannot bear a continual Circle of Enterprize and Fatigue, the Powers of the Soul are chear'd, and reinforc'd by severe Me-

ditation. And as for *Cæcilius's Comicos Stultos Senes*, (*ridiculous old Coxcombs*) it concerns only those that outlive their Direction, and sully their Antiquity. Age 'tis true is no Security against Moral Imperfections; yet the latter are by no means consequent to the former. As the younger sort of People are more generally subject to Venereal Inclinations than the Elderly; and yet they are not all under the Power of them, but only those that indulge them. And so 'tis in the case of *Dotage* (as 'tis call'd) no Man is under a necessity to play the Fool in his old Age; but every Man may if he pleases. *Appius* was quite Dark some time before he died, and yet capable of managing and disciplining four Sons, (full grown) five Daughters, and a large Dependance of Relations and Inferiours. He mind-ed his Business, and kept his Understanding Brac'd; and when his Vigour had fail'd him, 'twas more than his Age could do to foil him. He preserv'd his Character to the last, and aw'd and influenc'd those that were about him; and not only so, but effectually commanded and govern'd them. His Servants were afraid of him, his Children Reverenc'd him, and every body else Admir'd and Honour'd him. In a word, he modell'd his Family like a Primitive *Roman*, and follow'd the good old way; for Age is entituled to very advantagious Privileges if 'twill but challenge and assert them.

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It may sneak and prostitute its Prerogative; but the *Patent* runs for Life. To be short, an Old Man ought to have the Resolution and Pretendingness of a Young one, as a Young one ought to have the Sobriety and Caution of an Old one. And if this Maxim be put in practice, our Limbs indeed may wither by wearing, but the Mind cannot lose its Vigour and Complexion. At this very time I have the Seventh Book of my *Antiquities* upon the Stocks, and am making as compleat a Collection as I can of our earliest Memorials and Monuments. Sometimes I rummage over the Briefs and Minutes of the several Causes I have been formerly concern'd in, and form new Pleadings upon them; beside those Hours which I dedicate to the Study of the Civil Law, and the Augurial and Pontifical Rights and Powers. Nay, and I have over and above, a very sufficient Reserve of Time for my *Greek* Authors; and constantly every Evening, I make use of the *Pythagorean Receipt*, for invigorating the Memory, (that is to say) recollect whatever I have either said, or heard, or done that day. This now is an orderly course of Employment and Attendance very suitable to the Powers of the Soul; and as long as I find my self in a condition to Prosecute and Ply such sort of Work, I shall never think much of my Decays without. I am as much at the Devotion of a Friend as ever:

As a Senator, I am constant and punctual to the Service of the House; where, having first well weighed and digested them, I project my Measures, and offer my Arguments, and compass many a Cause by the dint of my Reason, which I could never have carried by the dint of my Sword. And yet if it should ever prove my misfortune to be fastened to my Bed, and rendered insignificant to these very Purposes, the bare Speculation and Desire of being Serviceable would make things easy to me: But (Heaven be praised) I have been a better *Husband* of my self than to be apprehensive of such a Condition as this. And (in truth) let a Man follow his Business diligently, and always keep himself thus honestly and usefully employ'd; and he will have no leisure to perceive the Encroachments of Old Age. 'Twill slide along with him by very gentle and insensible Degrees, till at last he Sails (as 'twere) into Port before he has had occasion to take notice of his Voyage. The third Objection in prejudice of Old Age was its Repugnancy to the Gratifications and Pleasures of Youth. As if any thing wou'd exalt and recommend it more than this very Consideration, that it rescues us from the dangerous Sollicitations and Petulancies of our Appetites. I cannot but impart (upon this occasion) to two such deserving young Gentlemen, the Dictates of the great *Archytas* of *Tarentum*,

as I had them communicated to me when I was young my self, and at *Tarentum*, under the care of *Quintus Maximus*. 'Twas the Doctrine of this excellent Person, that the whole Universe had nothing in it of so venemous and deadly a Nature as the *Fruitions* of Sense; that our Fondness for them is apt to be Passionate and Exorbitant, and to carry all before it. That this is the Parent of all Factions and Seditions, of all Treasonable Practices and Correspondences; In a word, of all the Disingenuity and Wickedness in the World; that were it not for this, we should never hear of any such thing as Rapes, Adulteries, and a thousand other flagitious Enormities, all resulting from an ungovernable desire, and a vehement pursuit of Pleasure: That the ready way to divert our selves of the Use and Benefit of those Reasonable Powers, which Providence has been pleased to dignifie our Nature with, is to allow our selves in any of these gross Satisfactions: That indulgences of this kind are absolutely inconsistent with the very notion of Temperance and Regularity; and that *Virtue* has nothing to depend upon when *Pleasure* is once in possession. The better to strengthen and illustrate his Assertion; the Philosopher propos'd the Idea of a poor Mortal under the immediate Sense of some very exquisite and rapturous delight. 'Tis certain (says he) so long as his Trans-

port continued, he could not possibly make use of his Reason, or engage in any act of Reflection and Judgment : So that in regard an Excess or extasie of Pleasure, if it could hold a Man long together, were enough to smother and put out his Understanding, the Consequence is clear, that Pleasure is the most pernicious and destructive of all Impressions or Affections incident to Humane Nature. This was the Import of what *Archytas* suggested to *Caius Pontius*, the *Samnite*, (the Father of the General that won the Battle of *Caudium*, and put the two Consuls *Spurius Posthumius* and *Titus Veturius* to the rout) as *Nearchus* of *Tarentum* (in whose House we were entertain'd, and who was known to have been always a fast Friend to the *Roman* Interest) gave us to understand upon Traditional Authority; and withal that *Plato*, when he visited *Tarentum*, (as we know he did) in the Consulat of *Lucius Camillus*, and *Publius Claudius*, was present when *Archytas* deliver'd this Discourse. Now the Application is obvious, and shews what a valuable advantage Old Age brings along with it in this very respect, that should the Principles of right Reason and solid Wisdom be supposed too weak to disarm the Magick of sensual Pleasures; it disengages us another way, and renders the *Temptation* it self insipid. For that's the mischief on't, our Pleasures are always upon the *Catch*, to divert Reason

son from her Purpose, and cog the Dice upon our Understandings, and will not be reconciled with the genuin Simplicity of moral perfections. And therefore, (tho' much against my Will, at least for the sake of that gallant Man, his Brother *Titus Flamininus*) I thought it my Duty to rid the Senate of so scandalous a Member as *Lucius Flamininus*; he was grown such a Prodigie of Lewdness, 'twas meritorious to stigmatize him. In *Gallia*, when he was there under the *Consular* Character, a *Contezan* prevail'd upon him, in the jollity of his Revels, to cleave the Skull of a Criminal, that was under Sentence of Condemnation, by way of a Frolick. His Brother *Titus* indeed shew'd him favour, and contriv'd at every thing during the time of his *Censorship*: But as soon as *Flaccus* and I succeeded him, we could not in conscience give Quarter to so foul an Example of Licentiousness; especially where it expos'd its self in a *Publick Person*, and cheapen'd the Authority of the *Government*. The Old People, I remember, have heretofore oblig'd me with a remarkable Story (which descended to them in their younger days, from the Generation that was then expiring) of a certain Professor of Philosophy at *Athens*, who laid it down for his Fundamental Principle, *That all our Actions and Aims ought to terminate in Pleasure*; a Notion (which it seems) extremely startled *Caius Fabricius*, (then with *Pyrrhus*,

in quality of a *Plenipotentiary*) when *Cineas* the *Thessalian* told him of it : But after *Manlius Curius*, and *Caius Fabricius* had heard the Story, it gave them occasion to wish *Pyrrhus* and the *Samnites* in that Philosopher's hands ; For they did not doubt but to do their Business in a little time, if they were once *well-effeminated*. The *Manlius Curius* we speak of, was he that had the happiness to live under the same Roof with the great *Publius Decius*, that in his own fourth Consulship, (and five years before *Curius* attain'd that Dignity) bravely flung up his Life for the defence of his Country ; which action of his in particular, as well as all the Passages of his Life besides, convinced *Fabricius* and *Coruncanius*, who were also well acquainted with him, that a Man has something to depend upon ; simply Excellent and desirable, and worthy the Ambition of the most exalted Souls, not only *exclusively* of *Pleasure*, but directly *in defiance* to it. Now therefore, whether my digression about *Pleasure*, has been longer than was necessary or not, this is very certain, that the indifferency of Age to *Pleasure*, is so far from a discrediting Circumstance, that nothing could give us a more engaging *Idea* of it. If we must bid adieu to the *Carnival* of Life, to the relish of Brimmers, and the Delicacies of the Board, the best on't is, we take our leave at the same time of giddiness, Headach, Indigestion, Qualms,

Qualms, Fumes, Broken-sleeps, and distracting Dreams. Once again, tho' Pleasure (according to *Plato*) be the *Bait Vice* covers her Hook with; yet because we must make some allowances for the Power and Activity of its Influence; let me observe, that *Age* itself, has a *Share* in it. And if an Old Man at an Entertainment cannot swallow as liberally, he may refresh himself as comfortably as the rest of the Company. There was old *Caius Duilius, Marcus's Son*, he that gave the first Blow to the Pride of *Carthage* by Sea. Many a time, when I was a Youngster, have I stood to look upon him as he was marching home after Supper, with a Wax-taper to light him, and a *Violin* playing before him. That was always his Humour, and the great Reputation of the Man easily justified the Levity, and the singularity too of the Practice; for it wanted a Precedent: To skip other Instances, and come nearer home. I was the first that brought in the Custom of the Ward-dinners, which commenc'd in the time of my *Questorship*, upon occasion of our admitting the Ceremonies of *Cybele*. I constantly made one at the Feasting, but took care to keep within Bounds; for in those Days my Blood run brisk in my Veins; but time has been my Friend, and qualify'd that Ferment by Degrees. As for the Means and the Matter of my Diversion, 'twas neither the Victuals nor the Drink that furnish'd them,
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but the Company and the Discourse. And our Progenitors were clearly in the right when they assign'd the Word *Convivium*, which implys *Conversation* in strictness of Etymology, to signifie a *Sociable appointment*. So were not the *Greeks*, who mistaking the poorest part of the *Cheer*, for the Principal, call it a *Merry Bout*, or a *Match o' Good-fellowship*. I am sure as to my self, all the Pleasure that I am affected with, at a Repast in Season, is the Opportunity it gives me of conferring Notes now and then, with some or other of those few *Cavaliers* remaining, that have seen as much of the World as my self, but much more frequently with those that have not known it so long, as particularly Gentlemen your selves. My years I must tell you, have oblig'd me extreamly, by diverting the forwardness of my Appetite and the Curiosity of my Palat, from *Diet* or *Discourse*. Or however, to give Pleasure its due, and dispense in some measure with an Impulse which is natural in a reasonable Degree; if so it is that other People are smitten with the satisfactions of good eating and drinking; I conceive it by no means impossible that a Man of *Fourscore* should retain a quick and distinguishing *Taste*; But I say as to my own Particular, I desire nothing more to regale with, than the Decency of the Table-Oeconomy of old prescrib'd and observ'd by our Predecessors,
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and the Benefit of those useful Instructions and improving Discoveries, which, by long *Prescription*, are expected and challeng'd from the Senior of the Club; In Reference to the Liquor, I am for *Xenophon's Measure* (as we have it in his *Symposium*) *Sizeable Glasses*, and cautiously fill'd; In the Summer-time I wou'd have all things cool about me, and in the Winter, Bask in the Sun when he shines, and Remedy his Absence with my Fuel. And this has been my way of living in the Countrey, all along; a Day never passes but I get my good Neighbours about me, bid them welcome to what the House Affords, and to we set round, talking of this thing and and t'other, till Ten, Eleven, perhaps Twelve a Clock at Night. To return; I shall be told perhaps that as a Man grows in Years, he loses all the Lively Flavour and Briskness of his Pleasures. No matter, so long as he do's not *miss* it. We can never be the worse for not having a thing that we don't perceive the want of. An Old Doctor was pleas'd to examine Socrates, *whether he had no private concerns, now and then upon occasion, with t'other Sex?* Bless me, what do you mean Sir? (say'd the Philosopher like himself) *I were in a fine condition indeed, if I had not in all this time broke the Tyranny of that insolent unruly Passion.* 'Tis true, when we set our Hearts upon Enjoyments of this Nature; a Disap-

Disappointment is enough to break them ; but by that time we have run out our String, and gratify'd Nature in all her expectations ; we come to learn how much greater the Blessing is to want, I should say, *not to desire*, that is indeed, *not to want*, than to be possess'd of them. So that upon the whole, let the aptness and adequacy of Youth for *Fruition* raise the Value of it as high as you please, still 'tis to be consider'd, *First*, that those Delights, as was hinted before, have little in them at the best ; *Secondly*, that if Age is unqualified to meddle with them, 'tis as little dispos'd to it. The difference is much the same, as between the first and the last *Seat* in the *Pit*. He that sits foremost, sees best, and is most affected with the gaiety of the amusement ; and yet he that's plac'd behind, is well enough pleas'd. So 'tis with *Youth* and *Age* ; the former has the liveliest sence of *Pleasure* ; because 'tis within the Verge of it ; and at the same time the latter partakes to its own content, tho' more disadvantageously and remotely. In short, what can we desire more than a fair and full Discharge from the Service of our own Appetites and Frenzys, our Lusts, Animosities, Ambition, &c. and to have our Souls and Senses, as we say, to our selves ? and then if there's a Foundation of Learning withal, and leisure and opportunity to work upon it, O ! how deliciously does an Old Man enjoy himself

self! *Caius Gallus*, (he was an intimate Crony, *Scipio*, with your Father) in a good Old Age, as he was sitting in his Study, with his Head and his Hands full of his *Astronomy*, went away as peaceably as an Infant; and as it happened, while I was in the Room with him. That was a wonderful Man; If a new Problem came in his Head at Night, infallibly he labour'd at it till Day-break; or if he started it in the Morning, he never left it till Bed-time. But he took a Pride and Satisfaction in nothing so much as his Skill at fore-telling *Eclipses*. And 'tis the same thing still if a Man's *Genius* carries him to lighter Studies and Exercises of Wit. *Nævius* the Poet, how happily he pass'd the time, while he was composing his Performance about the *Punick War*! And so *Plautus*, when his *Truculentus* and *Pseudolus* were upon the Stocks; and Old *Livy* was as fortunate as either of them: I remember him well; he was living when I was a young Fellow, and had Writ for the Stage Seven Years before I came into the World, under the Consulship of *Cetbegus*, and *Tuditannus*. *Publius Licinius Crassus*, took as great Delight in the *Pontifical* and *Civil Law*; and our new *Pontifex Maximus*, *Publius Scipio*, is as full of that sort of Knowledge. I was acquainted my self with the Persons I have mention'd; very Old Men they were, and very hard Students. But *Marcus Cetbegus* must by no means

means be forgotten, the *Marrow of Eloquence*, as *Ennius* very luckily calls him. Many a time have I seen him toward the Conclusion of his Life, exerting his Oratorical Talent with all the earnestness imaginable. Now what Comparison is there between such significant *Recreations* as these, and the *Beaux's Paradise*, the *Taverns*, the *Stage* and the *Masks*? Then there's this farther Comfort for a *Studios Veteran*, his Learning and his Knowledge of things advance upon him as naturally as his Age: Upon which Advantage *Solon*, ('tis what I hinted before) has Congratulated himself so handsomly in that Verse of his,

*As duty as my sinking Hours consume,
Each Minute leaves Improvement in its room.*

The most Rational and Solid Consolation certainly, that could befall him: Next let us turn our Thoughts towards the Country, and the Scene of those agreeable Cares and Concerns which belong to it. These I must own are my beloved *Employments*, as well they deserve to be; For when we are grown too old for other Things, we may still be fit enough to manage these matters, besides that they seem to be part of a Philosopher's Business, or at least allude to it; The Art of Cultivation as well as the Ground it self, being entirely resign'd, and obedient to all the purposes.

poses of Regulation, and recompensing the Pains bestowed upon it with a plentiful Return of *Profit*; very often with larger *Interest* than could have been expected. And in good truth, I have never so much valued the *Crops* or the *Stores* my Land affords me, as the *matter* which the Nature and Qualities of it, administer for Speculation. First of all the *Plough* breaks and prepares the Soil for the Reception of the Grain; and then 'tis scattered upon it, and with the help of the *Harrow* cover'd in it *occacatum*, whence we have the Word *Occatio* for *Harrowing*: Then after some time the Fotion and Insinuation of the Juices and Spirits that surround it, distend and unlock the Parts, whereupon it shoots out a tender *Stamen*, and as fast as the Fibres ripen and combine underneath, it gets head by little and little, till it runs up into a *Stalk*, fortified with Knots and Articulations, and at the top unsheaths, as it were, its Infant Burthen, which appears distributed, one Grain above another, in regular Files, with a rugged Fence of tall Bristles, and discourage the little Birds from making Depredations. Again, the *Vineyard* is another Sphere of Business, and what with the Planting, the Dressing, and the maturation yields likewise a very engaging variety. Forgive me if I am a little too long and lavish upon this favourite Subject: I am willing to leave you thoroughly perswaded, Gentlemen,

tlemen, how much to his Hearts content the
 Old Man bestows his time in the Country.
 'Twere endless to reckon up all the remarkable
 Productions of the Field, and the Garden;
 the bulky Stocks and branching Boughs that
 take their Original from a *Kirnel*; as particularly a *Fig-Tree*, and a Vine from a *Grape-
 stone*, and so of the rest. And then with
 what a pleasant astonishment are we seiz'd,
 when we contemplate the Plants and Quick-
 sets, and the Progress of the little Scions and
 Shoots. The Vine has not strength to support
 it self, but immediately sinks to the ground
 as soon as ever it misses or loses its hold;
 and accordingly to secure it, the Tendrels
 catch in a manner, and clasp whatsoever
 comes in their way; and because 'tis forward
 to spend and spread it self too luxuriantly,
 the Gardiner has his Rule to correct its wanto-
 tooness by *Amputation*, and restrain its Ge-
 nerosity. Afterwards, as the Spring comes
 forward, the *Gems* or *Buds* begin to rise and
 knit upon the Joynts of the Branches that
 have been trimmed; and these little contem-
 ptible *Excrescencies*, give Birth to the Fruit it
 self, which from the Juices of the Soil be-
 low, and the influences of the Sun above,
 receives a gradual Encrease and maturation,
 'till it loses its Acidity, which is very ex-
 quisite at first, and acquires a Flavour and
 Relish; and withal a Complexion and Beau-
 ty

ty that's inimitable ; the Branches and Leaves as the Grapes ripen, which is but slowly, extending and displaying themselves, to shelter and skreen them from violence of Heat. Do not mistake me, I say once again, as if the Lucre of the *Vintage* were at the bottom of all this ; No : 'Tis the Philosophy and the Process of the Management, that's the Pleasure ; as particularly the contrivance of *lodging* a Vine, of guiding and distributing the Shoots upon the Props, of the pruning and shaving I spoke of before, and the *leading* and the *planting* of *Layers*. In the next place, were there occasion, I might adjourn to the Meadows and the Fields, and the Methods of breaking up the Glebe, overflowing, Manuring, and enriching it ; particularly I might enlarge upon the right Measures, of good Husbandry as to *Dunging* and *Marling* ; but that I have consider'd the Argument elsewhere, in my *Book of the Concerns of the Country*. By the way, 'tis pretty strange, that *Hesiod* so very well too as he understood the Business, when he was composing his Work about *Agriculture*, should keep his thoughts to himself upon this Article : So does not *Homer* ; who by all I can find, liv'd several Ages before him, and represents *Laertes* in his Grounds, very busie about dressing and dunging them, to divert a little that Anxiety of Thought, which dejected him in the absence of his Son. Add to all the Felicities of the Vine-

Vineyards, the Corn-fields, the Pastures and the Woods, the Pleasures which the Gardens and Orchards, the Herds and the Flocks, the Hives and the Flowers conspire to oblige us with; over and above Experiments of Sowing and Setting, and which must be acknowledged the Gardinefts and the Farmer's Masterpiece of Graffing and Inoculating, I might insist upon a thousand other Entertainments and Recreations that attend a Country-life, had I not reason to fear I have exceeded Bounds already. However, I throw my self upon your good Nature, Gentlemen; Consider, I was talking of my own Occupation, and besides, 'tis confess'd, Old Age has its Failings and Imperfections too, and among others this for one; that 'tis fond of Gossiping and Prolixity. To return; 'Twas the Country that *Manlius Curius* chose to take up his rest in, upon the winding up of his Life, after his three Triumphs, over the *Samnites*, the *Sabins*, and *Pyrrhus*. The Seat of his Retirement lies at an inconsiderable distance from mine, and I never turn my Eyes towards it; but I recollect with wonder and Reverence the Modesty and Plainness of the Man that dwelt there, and the orderly way of Living in those Days. At that very time, when the *Samnites* came to him, and brought their Golden Mountains to tempt him, he was roosted in his Chimney-Corner; and thence utter'd that oracular rebuke;

buke ; *Alas! you are mistaken* (says he) 'Tis no matter for the Money, so long as I can be Master of the Money'd Men. Any Mortal with such a Soul in him, let him be as Old as you'll imagine ; 'tis impossible but he must be all over happy. But not to forget our *Country-Friends* ; for that were indeed to forget my self, all the *Senators*, that is to say, all the *Grande Se-niors* were originally honest Country-dealers. *Lucius Quintius Cincinnatus*, the same that when he was Dictatour, issued out his Order to *Caius Servilius Abala*, General of the Horse, for the apprehending and dispatching *Spurius Me-bius*, that would have made himself Monarch of Rome, this Honourable Rustick was at the tail of the Plough when he receiv'd the News of his Creation. So for *Curius*, and the rest of them, the Villages gave them to the Senate-House : And upon that account the Messengers that were dismiss'd to summon them up, had the Name of *Viatores*, or *Pursuivants*. Now, could any Teasings of Old Age, think you, disquiet these Patriots who kept their Estates in their own Hands, and were perpetually intent upon the pleasure of looking after them ? Seriously, if I understand any thing, such a sort of Life as this, must be the happiest in the World : As its Business of it is of a most universal and commodious consequence to the Health and Repose of Mankind ; And that's not all neither : For besides the Satisfaction above-

above mention'd, the certain Issue of it is affluence and opulency, and all accommodations, which either the Occasions of Men, or the Honour of the Deities require. And because with some People *Pleasure* is the Word, and there's nothing to be done without *Pleasure*; we'll shake hands with them upon the Premises; as far as an honest diligent Landlord or Tenant's Provision will go; his Cellars, his Pantry, and his Dairy, his Pork, Mutton, Lamb, Kid, Poultry, Milk, Cheese, Honey, together with the growth of the Garden, or the *Green Gammons*, according to the Language about one in the Country. Then ever and anon you have the accessional Diversions of Hawking and Hunting, which improve the Taste of the Game, as well as the Appetite of the Sports-men. The Verdure of the Meadows too; the Figure and Design of the Plantations, and the Beautiful appearances from the Vineyards and Olive-grounds.— In a word; an Old Man that beholds his Acres with all their Encrease upon them, cannot wish for a richer Property, or a nobler Show: And so little does his Age indispose him for relishing these Blessings, that it puts him under a sort of necessity to depend upon them. As for instance, where can he promise his Constitution such comfortable Sunshine, such plenty of Fewel, or on 'tother hand, such cool Recesses, and such refreshing Foun-

Fountains as in his Country-Quarters? There while the brisk young Fellows are standing to their Arms, and handling their Weapons, Vaulting, Galloping, darting the Spear, playing the Whirl-bat, Swimming, Courting, Racing, we old Folks, have our little Vacations for a Game at Tables or Chess, that is, when we are in the Humour; for you must understand we are far from staking our happiness upon the Board. *Xenophon* is a very valuable and useful Author, and I cannot choose but encourage the Fondness your selves have conceiv'd for him. He has largely lay'd himself out upon the Subject of *Agriculture* in his *Oeconomicus*, where his Business is to treat of *Husbandry* and *House-keeping*; and for the Credit especially of the former, he shews you 'tis a Province that a Monarch may be proud of, in a Dialogue between *Socrates* and *Critobulus*, where *Socrates* tells the latter a Story of the Younger *Cyrus* King of *Persia*, a Man of as great a Compass of Soul as Empire. It happen'd that *Lysander* the *Lacedæmonian*, an extraordinary Person too, came to visit him at *Sardis*, being deputed to carry to him the Presents and Acknowledgments of his Allies. Upon this occasion, *Cyrus*, you may be sure, would never omit any Argument of Civility or Artifice of Entertainment. Among other things, he recommended to his View an extent of Ground; lay'd out and planted to all the advantage imaginable.

imaginable. *Lysander* having contemplated the noble height of the Trees, the *Vistas* they made by their Order and Situation, the good condition of the Soil that lay round them, and snuff'd up a Taste of the Perfumes exhal'd from the Blossoms and the Flowers, he was most in an extasy: Well Sir, said he, *Let who's will have been your Majesty's Designer, he was an Artist of an admirable Genius, and had follow'd his Business close, I warrant him. I assure you, the contrivance was all mine;* said *Cyrus*, *I assign'd the very Spot where every Tree should be plac'd and planted myself the best part of them.* At this *Lysander*, fixing his Eyes upon *Cyrus's* Robes, which were very dazling and costly; as the Kings of *Persia* never appear, but with Gold and Jewels upon them from Head to Foot; *Then indeed tis no wonder,* said he, *Such a blessed Concurrence of good Qualities and good Fortune, should establish the Happiness of Cyrus into a Proverb.* And yet, after all, every Aged Man's Happiness lies as obvious and open to him as *Cyrus's*; He may find out a thousand Adventures and Projects that shall keep him in hand to the Day of his Death, and none to better purpose than the Direction and Menage of Country Affairs. *Marcus Valerius Corvinus*, who if I am not misinform'd, liv'd a Century to an end, had devoted himself a longtime before he dy'd to this very course of Life. From the Year of his first Consulship,

to that of his Sixth we reckon Forty six years compleat ; So that the Series and Succession of his Honours and Preferments made out a Period of Time, equal, at least, to the length of that which lies on the right side of Old Age. And then he was a great deal happier too, at the farther end of his Life than in his very Meridian, as he sustain'd less Labour and Trouble, and which are the grand Perquisites of the Age, more of Character and Authority. Old *Lucius Cæcilius Metellus*, had his share of these too, and so had *Attilius Calatinus* ; Witness what his Monument says in his Commendation : *Uno ore plurimæ consentiunt gentes, &c.*——To whose Memory not a few whole Nations dedicate this Testimony, that he was inferiour no way to the best of his Fellow-Citizens. I presume you cannot be unacquainted with so famous an Inscription. And without dispute, he that could have all Mankind his *Vouchers*, might influence and govern them as he pleas'd. *Publius Crassus*, and afterwards *Marcus Lepidus*, what a general Submission and Reverence did they command, since I remember, especially as they stood invested with the Dignity of the *Supream Pontificat* ? *Paullus, Africanus*, and *Maximus*, that we spoke of before, how did they carry all things before them ? 'Twas no matter for speaking their Minds at length : A Motion or a Look from ever a one of them had the force of a Law.

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Thus it is, Old Age challenges its Tribute of Deference and Resignation, and that so much the more absolutely when 'tis further entitul'd to them by Power and Precedence. Now the advantage of this *Distance*, let me tell you, is more than equivalent to the Pageantry of Youth. All this while carry it along with you, that as zealously as I press my Apology for *Old Age*, I desire it may be limited only to such instances, where the Parties have been so wise as to make the best use of all that time that has pass'd through their hands before. For else 'tis very sure, and when I asserted it elsewhere, all that heard me most readily subscrib'd to't, that *'tis impossible an Old Man's Age should sit easie upon him, if he stands in need of Excuses at that time of day.* Venerableness and Authority are the late harvest of a well-spent Life; not any sure and necessary Concomitants of Baldness and Wrinkles. No nor even the ceremonious and occasional Intimations of Respect; which yet have their Import and Significancy, as the Forms of Salutation and Congratulation, the being ambitious of a Man's Company and Converse, giving him the Way and the Wall, standing up at his approach, attending and conducting him in his Walks and Visits, Solliciting his Advice and Assistance upon Emergencies, and the Expressions of Civility and Regard, which the more any Community has
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been civiliz'd and polish'd, the more careful it is to encourage and practice; as indeed our Country-men are eminently accomplish'd in this particular. 'Twas an Observation of *Lyfander the Lacedæmonian*, the Person we were speaking of so lately, that there was no Place in the World where Old Age had fairer Quarter: that is to say, where it was more indulgently consider'd, and more honourably consulted for, than *Lacedæmon*. And there goes a Story of an Antiquated *Athenian*, that coming into that part of the Theatre, where his Country-men were seated, he could get no room among them, from the first Seat to the last, tho' they had taken up a great deal for themselves. Upon this he mov'd up towards the Benches that were sequester'd to the State and Convenience of the *Lacedæmonian* Commissioners, who presently got upon their Legs one and all, and desir'd the favour of him to accept of a Place with them; which he had no sooner done, but the whole Body of the Spectators clapp'd them so furiously, they made the Theatre shake again; and afterwards one of the *Lacedæmonians* frankly told them, *No People upon Earth understood the Rules and Duties of Decency better than the Athenians and practis'd them less*. Among the many excellent Orders and Usages of the Augurial College, of which I have the Honour to be a Member; 'tis a remarkable one which

relates to the Subject before us, that every Man has his place and opportunity of speaking, according to his Age ; and the Senior tops his Junior, whatever the disproportion is between them as to Privileges, Titles, and Power. Now will any Body have the hardiness to set the pleasures of Sense against the comforts and Advantages of an establish'd Authority ? I mean, upon Supposition we take due care to accomodate them rightly, so as in the conclusion we may answer it to our selves that we have gone through cleaverly with our part in the general Comedy, and (not lost our selves (like an Actor that has not been in the Parting Scene. For all this ; aged People are strangely sour, Sollicitous, Passionate, Peevish, and 'tis odds but their Constitution's over-run with Avarice into the Bargain. Possibly : But then take notice these Imperfections are owing, not to the Number of our Years, but to the faultiness of our Conduct. Nay and much may be said, perhaps, plausibly enough too, in excuse for all that sourness, Sollicitude and so forth : As when, suppose, a Suspicion reaches 'em, that they're neglected, banter'd, insulted. And by the by too, when the Fibres of a Man's Mechanism relax and flagg, every little Impression decomposes him more or less. Relief, and Remedys are at hand however ; Sobriety, Seriousness, and Employment. And 'tis matter
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of Fact that this is the very State of the Case as well all the World over, as upon the Stage, with reference to the two Brothers in *Terence's Adelphi*, the one a restiff sort of a Disciplinarian, and 'tother a very honest good humour'd Gentleman. The Difference is the same in Men, as in Wines; there are some so well Body'd and generous that Age cannot *turn* 'em. Not but I'd have every Old Man's Deportment grave and Solemn; only, as well in this as in every other Practice, let him take care he does not *overdoe't*, and curdle his Blood. Next, as to his growing Covetous, 'tis to me absolutely unintelligible. What! the nearer we come to the end of our Journey, is it possible we should be so much the more concern'd about Provision upon the Road! to come now to the fourth and the most formidable of those Evils which are suppos'd to render Old-Age an unconsolable and desperate Condition; and that is, *It's bordering upon Death*, as it must be confess'd, it does. In earnest that Man is much to be pittied that has liv'd, perhaps, as long as cou'd be expected, and is at last to learn how little reason he can have to be afraid of *Dying*! for either Death puts the Soul out of being, and there's an end of the matter; or else it translates it to a state of indefeasible Security, and then we cannot wish for a happier Change: For

there can be no^t such thing as a *Medium* between both. And shall the preconception and prospect either of Blessedness in reversion, or insensibility at the worst, make me Melancholy? Over and above that in the very Vigour of his Age, no Man living can pretend to assure himself he shall not be a Corps before Sun-sett. Nay, and really upon the matter, the younger sort of People are more Subject to Casualties and Miscariages than the Old ones. They are sooner Surpriz'd by a distemper; they suffer more and lye by it longer; and 't's but here and there one that has the fortune to make out the Tour of Life compleatly. And that's one reason why good Management, Discretion, and Counsel are such Rarities in the World. The best pretences to Understanding, Foresight, and Policy are built upon Age and Experience; in so much that had not some People liv'd to see a great deal more than others, Mankind would scarce have known such a thing as a Civil Establishment or a Body Politick among them at this day. For the present to resume our Topick, *what a mischievous thing it is, to be drawing so near our End*; can Youth it self at any time give us security of our being farther off on't; and why then is Age mention'd alone in the Indictment? Whereas our Fate is Impartial, and observes none of our *Epochas*, no distinctions of Minority and Seniority;

niority ; as I have found, to my sorrow, in the loss of my own dear Son, the best of Children ; and agen, *Scipio*, in the disapointment which befel the Publick (that had promis'd it self such great things upon their Capacity of supporting and adorning it) by the death of your Brothers. However you'll say, the Juniors have more than an even Chance to ground their Expectations of long Life upon, and an Old Man can have none at all. And what must be the Tendency of such ridiculous Expectations and such a flattering Confidence, of setting up our rest upon the certainty of uncertainties and reality of a delusion ? *Well, but yet a Man that has liv'd along while already stands assur'd, that 'tis utterly impossible he should live much longer.* That's true ; and here agen the Old Man has the better of the young one : The latter pleases himself only with his visionary hopes, and the View (or rather the Wish) of multiplying days upon days ; 'tother has had that Desire fairly answer'd, and *actually* made a good riddance of a plentiful Portion : If the longest Allowance of Life does indeed deserve to be reckon'd so. Good Heavens ! what a Moment is it at the most ! if every Man cou'd hold out as gallantly too as his *Tartessian* Majesty. *Arganthonius* was his Name ; his Residence was in *Cales* : He Reign'd (says my Author) Fourscore years, and liv'd

Six-score. To speak my own mind, I do not understand how we come to lay such a stress upon the *Duration* of any thing that's bound to a *Period*; because, when-ever 'tis come to an *Exit*, the stock that's flown off and consum'd, is all lost, and there's no Reserve or Deduction left behind, other than the good Consequences and Conscience of having acquitted our selves honourably in all the Dutys of Life. The Hours eat up the Days, the Days the Months, the Months the Years; and 'tis equally out of our power to retrieve one Minute of the many that are escap'd, as to inform our selves how many more we have to come. The rule is a sure one still, that whatever the length of it is, every Man ought to be thankful for his *Quantum*. Tis not for a single Actor, to be ambitious of representing all the parts in the Play; let it Suffice, whether, his Entrances are frequent or few, if he can hitt-off the Character he's concern'd for with Credit: And then, if he rightly understands himself, he'll hardly wish his own Interest in the *Plot* continued to the letting down of the *Curtain*. He that's dispos'd to pursue the best Courses, a small Portion of Time will satisfie his Purpose; or if it runs to a Glut with him, he's as inexcusable, shou'd he mutiny, as a *Boor*, if he quarrel'd *April* and *May* for being so soon gone, or Summer and Autumn for coming

ing after them: As indeed the Fore-part of Life, like *the Spring*, is properly a Season of *Pregnancy*; the Time of Gathering in the Fruits and the time of using them, these come on latter, and bring the year round. Now the Acquists of Age consist in a fulness of the most Suitable Circumstances, that is to say, such a posture and Complection of Affairs as is most agreeable to the Measures and Ends of Nature. And can any thing be more so than for a Man to die in his Old Age? a Turn which befalls many a One in the very Triumphs of Youth and Strength, and even in despiht and opposition to Nature. For when a Man's cutt-off so early, 'tis much the same Case as when a Bucket of Water's thrown upon the Blaze of a Faggot: But an Old Man's *Trunk* wafts kindly, takes its own time, and glimmers-off into Ashes. So agen, 'tis harsh and Violent to pluck an Apple from the Tree before 'tis ripe; let it hang till the Sun has conected it, and 'twill fall of its own accord: And that's the very difference between an Old Man and a Young one; the the last is taken by storm; the other calmly Surrenders in due time. And these Reflections elevate me to such a degree, that as I advance nearer and nearer to the finishing *Chrisis*, I look upon my self as *making to Shew*, and upon the point of sliding into Harbour after a tedious Voyage. In the Division of

Life all the precedent Parts are limited to a certain Number of years. But the extent of Old Age is Indefinite; and no matter how long it hangs upon us, while we're in a way of doing our Duty and can stand to our Arms, assert our Honour, and put a neglect upon the Terrours of Death. And thus *Age* has frequently outgone all the Briskness of Youth in Mettle and Magnanimity. Thus, when the Tyrant *Pisistratus* requir'd *Solon* to resolve him, *What it was that could animate him to such a height of Insolence and Defiance?* *Solon* told him twas his *Age*. How fortunate is the Man that retains all the Powers of his Soul and the use of his Senses unimpar'd till Nature's full time is up, and she comes to take her own Work to pieces in her own way: For she best understands the right Method and Time, for resolving her compositions into their Original Principles; as the Carpenters that had the Building of a House or a Ship, are the fittest to be employ'd upon a resolution of unpiling 'em. When the parts of a Machin have been, *a little before*, well jointed and cemented, they will not be seperated without some difficulty; but when 'tis decayed and shatter'd by Time and Use, 'twill cost very little trouble to make it fall assunder. Hence results the Reason of that Axiom in Morality, that it is every Old Man's Duty, as on one hand not over-fondly, to reckon up-

on *Reprieves*, so on 'tother hand not to anticipate the *Execution*. And therefore *Pythagoras* will by no means allow any of us the Liberty of leaving his Post, or breaking his Rank, 'till the General's Orders dispense with him in other Words, till it pleases God's good Providence to call him off his Ground. To proceed: 'Twas *Solon's* Ambition and a celebrated Wish of his, *That whenever he dy'd, his Friends would take it to heart, and put on a Pomp of Sorrow for him*; I conceive all his meaning was, *that he would have himself very tenderly belov'd, and cordially valued by them*. If not, I declare for *Ennius* against him,

Nemo me lacrymis, &c.

*Kind Heaven! Whene'r it comes to be my turn,
Avert wry Funeral Faces from my Urn.*

'Tis very unaccountable, (thought he) that People should make such a Rout about dying, when 'tis the ready Road to a State of Immortality. As for Agonies and Convulsions in the Article of expiring, they are over in a trice, and with an *Old Man* soonest. And then comes on either a final cessation of all Perceptions, or the most refin'd or improv'd ones. And this is a Consideration, which the earlier we begin to press home upon our selves, the more effectually we shall find it conduce to
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the vanquishing all our Fears and Apprehensions of Death : and seriously till that point is gain'd, a Man's Life must be very uncomfortable to him. Die we must some time or other, that we all know full well, and for ought we know, before to morrow Morning. Consequently we can never bear up briskly, and set a good Face upon't, so long as we are Hag-ridden with the horror of a Change which may possibly overtake us the next Minute. For a ready Confirmation and Evidence of what I observe ; let it be remember'd only, and in my *History of the Original of the Roman Power* I have provided as much as I cou'd, that it may never be forgotten, how often our own Troops have thrown themselves with an incredible Transport and Ardour upon such hot and desperate Services, that they could not suppose a single Man of them should come off again alive : Not to look so high as our Heroe's of the first Order ; *Lucius Brutus* that dropt in the Prosecution of his Country's Deliverance ; the *Decii* that gave chase to destruction ; *Marcus Attilius*, that rather than he would infringe his Articles, recommitted himself to the Malice and Indignation of the Enemy ; the two *Scipios*, that planted themselves either to stand or drop a Breast-Work for the Commonwealth, against the Impressions of the whole *Carthaginian* Army ; *Lucius Paullus* your
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Grand-father *Scipio*, that lost his Life so very honourably and gloriously at the Battle of *Canna*, as he had purposely intended his Fall should expiate the infamy of that Defeat, and the ill-Conduct of his Brother Consul; *Marcus Marcellus*, the noble Circumstances of whose Death had such an effect upon the Savage *Carthaginians* themselves, that they took care he should be decently Interr'd. 'Tis insufferable that *Old Age*, *Learning*, and *Philosophy*, in Conjunction, should not have a sufficient Influence to disarm those Fears which cannot make their way into the Heart or the Head of many a young Fellow, that has never tasted of any thing, like a liberal, or indeed an ordinary Education. Besides, as far as I can find by my self, a Man may be cloy'd and surfeited with one thing after another in this World; till it comes to that pass with him that *Life its self* shall lie upon his Hands. When we have outgrown our Nonage we have done with all the wonderful Interests and Concerns that busied us in our Child-hood: When we are come up to a Maturity of Judgment and the Noon of Life, we give over the Projects and pursuits of our younger Years; and as Age gets ground upon us, we shift the Scene, forsake our former Choice, and enter upon the last Revolution and Posture of Life and Business. And this, in good time, as well

as what went before, will grow stale and unsavoury too ; 'till upon the matter, *Living* becomes perfectly fulsome, and we're impatient to receive our Discharge : This is not all neither ; For I must be so free with my Friends, (and I hope no Offence) as to discover the secret and serious Persuasion of my Soul to them, with regard to the state of the Dead : and the nearer I approach towards making the Experiment, the clearer Proofs and Assurances I receive of the Theory. Let me tell you, it could never yet enter into my head, that any two such illustrious and shining Ornaments of Humane Nature, as were my very intimate Friends, the Fathers of *Scipio*, and *Lælius*, have lost their Being. Undoubtedly they must be Gainers by the Retreat, and made sensible that they never understood before what it is properly and indeed *to live*. At present we are all close Prisoners, immur'd with Flesh and Bones, and ty'd to the toil and tendance of a miserable but indispensable Servitude ; the Soul being of a Divine or Cœlestial Nature, depos'd from its upper and original Sphere of Activity, or (to speak more properly) plung'd into a Teneament of *Dirt*, a Situation, and Residence disagreeable enough to a Being of an Immortal and Heavenly kind : Of which there is no better account to be given, than that it has pleas'd the Powers above to send our Souls into this lower.

lower World ; to pass their Observations not only upon the Regularity of that Oeconomy, and those Revolutions which occur here, but also the Stupendious Distribution and the Periodical Courses of the Superior Orbs, in order to the reducing the Speculation into Life and Practice. This is my Sense and Opinion of the thing ; and tho' the Reasons and Arguments that are brought for it, have principally induc'd me to take it up, yet I am further Countenan'd and confirm'd in it by the Suffrages of the most eminent Philosophers. *Pythagoras* and his followers, distinguish'd long since by the Name of the *Italick* School, or Sect, (as indeed they might be counted more properly our Fellow-Natives than our Neighbours) asserted (as *Tradition* says) that the Souls of Men are so many Effluvia or Emanations of the Divine Essence, or the great Soul of the Universe. And I have yet received more Light and Satisfaction in this Enquiry from those Notions and Inferences, which *Socrates*, Master as he was of a matchless and superlative Wisdom, if *Apollo* may be believ'd, some few Hours before he suffer'd, built upon in his Discourse of the Soul's Immortality: To be plain, when I reflect upon the Powers and Energies of the Soul, the Facility and Suddenness of its Operations, the Compass of the Memory, the Sagacity and Reach of the deliberative

tive Faculty ; and what a variety of Sciences, Arts, Inventions, and Stratagems it harbours, for my Life I cannot understand how the Seat and Subject of these Qualities and Qualifications, should be liable to Dissolution or Extinction : And then too the Ferment and Action of the Soul is undiscontinued and perpetual, and as it actuates it self by a Principle of *Motion* essential to the Nature of it, so 'tis impossible it should interrupt its own *Circulation*, till it becomes unbenevolent and false to its own Being. 'Tis withal of an Univocal, Uncompounded Nature, and there's nothing in it *Diffimilar*: It must therefore be Indivisible, Indissoluble. Once again, 'tis most unaccountable how, when we are young Pupils, and put early to the most intricate and perplexing Studies, we should as readily and familiarly apprehend such a Multitude of Ideas, and Consequences, as if that were not the first time we had met with them, but a Recognition and Revival of our former Acquaintance, unless we had made a very considerable Proficiency before we came into this World. So much for *Plato*. Turn to *Xenophon*, and see how *Cyrus* the Elder delivers himself upon his Death-bed : *My Dear Children*, says he, *When I am taken from you, beware of entertaining any such rash Conclusion, as if I had not still a Being elsewhere. Ever since you have known me, you could never get a sight of my Soul ; and yet you*
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made no difficulty of Believing your Father had one within him, upon Evidence of the Effect : So that you will have as much Reason hereafter to be satisfied that it has not lost its Evidence, tho' you don't see it. And indeed, to what end or purpose do we give our selves the trouble of erecting Monuments, and Dedicating honourable Trophies, to the Merit of Men that have been Valuable and Eminent ; or how could the Savour of their Memory be so long preserv'd ; were it not for something extraordinary in the very Souls of them that perpetuates their Interest, and makes them survive themselves. I could never apprehend how, so long as the Soul is fast'd in the Carcass, she may properly be said to live ; or suppos'd to die when she's set at Liberty, or why she must necessarily be strip'd of her Capacities upon quitting so gross and stupid a Vehicle ; nay, how she can attain the free Use and the full Perfection of them, 'till she's disengag'd from the Dross that hung about her, and restor'd to her genuin Strength and Practice. And as for every thing else that enters into the Substance and Composition of our Nature ; we see with our Eyes what becomes of it when Soul and Body disunite ; it reverts immediately to the general Bank out of which it was lent us : Only the Mind or Soul exists and acts Invisibly, as well when it removes, as while it abides in the Body. Further yet ; Can we desire a more Emphatical Test of the high Dignity and Excellency of her Nature, than the Soul it self vouchsafes a Man in the Silence of Sleep,

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the proper Emblem and Resemblance of Death, when, perceiv'ing her self pretty well Disengag'd, and at her own Command, she takes the Opportunity of looking abroad; and getting Intelligence of remote Events? This plainly shews, how Matters will go with her, when she has procur'd her Enlargement. Now then, if all this be true, 'twill be your Duty, my Sons, to consider your Father, as call'd up into the Society and Condition of the Superiour Powers, and to pay him a suitable Reverence and Homage: Or, if so it is, that Soul and Body perish together; at least preserve a Scrupulous and Filial Regard to his Memory, and be sure, you cannot otherwise acquit your selves herein, unless all your Thoughts, Words, and Actions, are govern'd by an entire Devotion and Resignation to the Pleasure of that Providence that superintends and Supports such a Miraculous Order and Harmony in the visible World. These were Cyrus's Instructions to his Sons at parting. Let me now, (with your Permission) recommend a few more of my own Reflexions and Sentiments. Scipio! those many memorable Efforts and Services, in right of which the great Names of Paullus your Father, your two Grandfathers, Paullus and Africanus, and Africanus's Father and Uncle, not to croud your Ears with a Catalogue of Worthies, challenge all Esteem and Acknowledgments at the hands of their Successors for ever! Will any Man pretend to tell me, they would ever have made

made a motion towards them; had they not been inwardly assur'd that they had a Property in Futurity, and should be Parties concern'd after they were Dead and gone? Or to say the best of my self; as all Old People are allow'd to Magnifie their own Pretensions, do you think I would have hurry'd and tormented my self, in Camp and City, Night and Day, as I have done, were the Reputation and Reward of all my Pains and Trouble to stop short with me at the Grave? Might it not have seem'd much more adviseable to sit still and live at my ease, and leave persons and things to themselves? It cou'd not be: My Soul had been taking a view of the Coast, and was clearly satisfy'd she should understand what 'tis to *live*, when she was got into another World, and not till then. Nor should we always find the most generous Souls so very aspiring, and so hot upon the Scent of Eternal Fame and Reputation, were not Immortality essential to them. Then there's another thing; A wise Man is ever most willing to die; and a Fool cannot like it by any means. The Reason's plain, because the one sees before him to the end of his Journey, and discovers how blessed a Country he's going to, while 'tother's dim and purblind, and can't look forward. O how I long, methinks, to be conversing with my old Acquaintance the dear and honour'd Fathers of *Laelius* and *Scipio*; and besides refresh-

freshing former intimacy's, to strike up new with
 all the noble and elevated Souls I have ever
 read or heard of, or had occasion to celebrate
 in my Writings! To this Company and Con-
 dition I am preparing to take my Flight; Let
 no Body try their Skill, to detain the Old
 Man, No Restaurative *Magick* be practic'd
 upon *Pelias*! I have held out the Race, and I
 don't desire to be brought again to the *Start-*
ing-Post; and if Heaven should graciously make
 me this overture; *If you have a mind to't, you*
shall be remanded to a state of Infancy and go to
Nurse again. I should humbly and earnestly
 pray to be excus'd. For what is there in
 Life? — I had almost added, But Vexation
 and Sorrow. Be it so, that's the best on't still,
 we shall be sure either to have *enough on't*, or
not too much. Do not mistake me for a Muti-
 neer neither: I am not in the number of the
 many, both Learned and unlearned, that groul
 over Life. My Conscience tells me she can
 give a pretty good account of *my Time*, and
 therefore I have no reason to be sorry I have
liv'd it. Life at the most is so far from be-
 ing a State of settled and abiding Continuance
 that 'tis really no more than a Baiting-time, or
 a Halt upon the Road: My Foot is already in
 the Stirrup, and I leave this World, not as a
 Man would leave his *Mansion-House*, but his
Inn. How long art thou coming, Auspicious
 Hour? When I'm to be releas'd out of these

Ter-

Territories of Dirt and Distraction, and incorporate in the Sacred Society of the great Souls above; when together with all those extraordinary Persons I mention'd before, I shall have my own dear *Cato* again to bear me Company; yes, that Mirrour of Piety and Virtue, that incomparable young Man! Whose Lot it should have been, by the Course of Nature, to pay the last Office at his Father's Obsequies, which the Will of Heaven appointed his Father to administer at his: Yet at the same time the Soul of him was so far from quitting all Knowledge of me, or concern for me, that as it mounted it carried off his Father's Idea, and with an infallible Security, that my Soul in due time was to steer the same Course, and land on the same Shoar. And therefore if some People have wonder'd how I could bear so trying an Affliction so cheerfully, they might have known, that it was not any Effect of Impassiveness and Insensibility, but I carried in my Thoughts this reviving Meditation, that though we were at a distance from one another for the present, ere long we should meet again. By this time, Gentlemen, I suppose the Wonder's over, and you may be sufficiently instructed to account for that Easiness and Serenity, nay that Delight and Pleasure which crown these hoary Temples. Perhaps I may be too Confident and Over-weened in the Point of the Soul's Immortality;

ty ; if so, 'tis at least a very obliging Error ; and I am so heartily in love with it, that I would not be disabus'd, methinks, for the World. Or suppose the mean-Spirited Professors in the right, and that Death will not be Compounded with. I'm safe enough still ; and when the Controversy's once turn'd to *Matter of Fact*, let my Learned Adversaries Triumph if they can. In a word ; 'Tis with *Life*, as 'tis with other things, a moderate Measure and Quantity does best ; and whether there's another Life in Reversion, or not. He that thinks much of Putrefying, when 'tis time, is his own Enemy. Old Age is the last Result, the Clinching Scene of the Play ; and if we don't grow Sick on't by that time, we should be glad however, if we could fairly get out of the House betimes, and escape the Hurry. I have now explain'd my self at large upon the Subject propos'd, and shall add no more but my Wishes (Gentlemen) that your selves may live to give Testimony, upon a late and full experience to the Truth of the Premises.

Tully's

Tully's Lælius;

O R,

ESSAY upon FRIENDSHIP;
Address'd to *Titus Pomponius Atticus*.

T Was seldom that *Quintus Mucius* the *Augur*, whenever an opportunity offer'd it self in Conversation, left any pleasant remarkable passages unremember'd wherein *Caius Lælius*, his Son in Law, had been a party concern'd; and whenever he had occasion to speak of him, made no scruple at all of giving him the Distinction of *Lælius the Wise*. Now it having been my good Fortune, so soon as my Age and Understanding were fit for't, to be recommended by my Father to the Care and Tuition of *Scævola*, with positive Instructions, at no time to withdraw my self, upon any account, from the good Old Man's immediate Inspection, unless when either his or my own affairs were such as would justify the necessity of my Absence: by this means (as in truth I address'd

address'd my self with all imaginable Diligence, under the Wing of so intelligent and able a Master, to make the most of my Advantage) it came naturally in my way, and follow'd of course, that I should treasure up in my Memory as well his weighty and solid Arguments upon this and that Question, as his Cursory Sentences and Apposite Suggestions. After his death, being sensible (and I will be bold to say it) that he had not left a *Roman* behind him of greater Abilities or stricter Morals than his Namesake *Scævola* the *Pontifex*, I threw my self upon him. But at present to keep close to our *Augur*, and reserve what the Character of the *Pontifex* challenges, for another place: Among other Topicks and Occurrences which I have heard him talk upon, as he was sitting (I remember) one time in his Elbow-chair, (my self and two or three more of his Cabinet Council present) he begun to lay himself out upon an unhappy Business, which made a great noise about that time. You may remember, *Sir*, or rather 'tis impossible but you should, for you and *Publius Sulpicius* were very great together, how strangely the World was startled and scandaliz'd at the example of that Irreconcilable and mortal Hatred which that Gentleman, when he was Tribune of the Commons, vow'd against the Consul *Quintus Pompeius*, who had ever been his dearest Friend

Friend and inseparable Confident. And this happen'd to be such a subject of Discourse as lay'd a very fair invitation in *Scævola's* way to favour us with the particulars of that Philosophical Lecture, which *Lælius* (and, as it happen'd, *Africanus* had not been dead many days) read about *Friendship*, to *Scævola* himself and *Caius Fannius* (*Marcus's* Son) that had Marry'd another of his Daughters, I fix'd in my Memory the substance of the Dissertation, and have now committed it to a Paper in a Form and Method of my own Choosing: that is to say, I have brought the *Triumvirate* out upon the Stage in their own proper Persons; and so you will not be troubled with Repetitions of *Says I, and says he, and says I again*: Beside that it gives Life and Beauty to an Argument when 'tis work'd upon by way of Conference, and looks as if it came directly from the Mouths of the Managers. As for the Inducement that reconciled me to a good opinion and a favourable hope of the Undertaking, you cannot but know it, *Atticus*, when you recollect how you have us'd your interest with me, time after time, to the purpose of trying my skill upon the present Theme, and withal, that as the Obligations and Origin of Friendship are things of such a nature that they ought to be universally and perfectly understood, so the Consideration of them is no more than what is suitable

and due to the Claim of that Intimacy that is between us, and 'tis a satisfaction to me that while I was projecting to my self the Publick Good, in composing this Essay, I did it at your motion and instance. To go on: I thought it just and proper in my *Cato Major*, that little Tract which is dedicated to you concerning *Old Age*, to speak by the mouth of *Old Cato* and put the cause wholly in his hands, not knowing where to find a Proxy better authoriz'd or qualify'd to comment upon the pretensions of *Age*, than one that was so long acquainted with it, and such a singular Grace and Credit to it: and for the very same reason I have pitch'd upon *Laelius* (of whose entire Confidence and entercourse of Affections with *Publius Scipio*, Tradition and Fame have reported so much) as a *Representative*, in my opinion, well appointed to deliver you his own Reflexions and Conclusions about the nature of Friendship, as my Tutor *Scævola* receiv'd and secur'd them at the first hand from himself. And it must be confess'd this Dramatical way of substituting the Names and Authority of Persons that have been most eminent in their Generations to recommend our Sence, is strangely Pathetical and Affecting: insomuch that upon reviewing that little performance of mine about *Old Age*, I have really forgot my self, and taken it for granted that what I was reading was *Cato's* own. My Subject

Subject *Then* was it self a sufficient Intimation and Motive to prefix your Name to what I had to say upon it, as I consider'd how far it reach'd your Case: So now again, with an eye upon the relation you bear both to the Matter and the Author, I resign my self once to you in these Papers about the business of Friendship: Upon the former occasion 'twas *Cato* that harangu'd you, one of the most Understanding, as well as the Oldest Men of his Time: Upon this, your Business is with *Lalius*, the Wise and Judicious *Lalius* (as he was call'd) that Noble Instance of a perfect Friendship. Let me beseech you therefore to shut me out of your Imagination, and verily to perswade your selves that *Lalius* speaks to you. *Africanus* is suppos'd to be lately Dead: so *Caius Fannius* and *Quintus Mucius* come upon a Visit of Condolence to their Father in Law. The visitants clear the way for a full and free Disquisition concerning Friendship, (to which Head (as you'll perceive in the reading) 'tis wholly confin'd) and *Lalius* undertakes it.

Fan. Undoubtedly, *Sir*, *Africanus* was a Man of much Merit, of as extraordinary Vertues and conspicuous Accomplishments as ever liv'd. At the same time do your Self the justice too, not to overlook those Evidences, the World is proud to give you, of the peculiar and profound Esteem we all conceive of your Character.

riage and Capacity, and how implicitly we are yours. Whether we mention, or only think of him, the Sirname of WISE is *Laelius's* Characteristick, and only his. 'Tis true, *Marcus Cato* had some years ago the same *Distinction* given him, and so (we understand) had *Lucius Atilius* heretofore. But then the respective Excellencies or Qualifications which happen'd to render these Two worthy of it look'd another way. *Atilius* ow'd it to his Judgment and Practice in the Civil Law; *Cato* to his great Experience and Knowledge of the World, he had establish'd his reputation by the many Proofs and Instances he gave both to the *Senate* and the *Bench* of his Sagacity in Deliberating, his Resolution in Prosecuting, and his quickness in Replying: Now these were the Recommendations that obtain'd him the Title of the *Wise*, and not till he grew in years neither. Whereas your Challenge and Property, *Sir*, in this Denomination runs upon all four: The Learning you are Master of, and the Pains you have taken for't, as well as the Enemies of your Genius and the Example of your Probity and Sobriety have purchas'd it. You are not what we stile you, *Sir*, in the ordinary Sence and Meaning, but upon a higher line of Comparison, and in the acknowledgment of the learned and the leading part of Mankind, above the Definition and Standard of a *Grecian Sage*,
tho

tho he should be one of the mighty *Seven* too, (and yet these went for more than they were worth, if good Criticks ben't out in their notion of Wisdom.) One of them however, the great *Athenian*, had it (we are sure) under the attestation of the Oracle; That there was not a Wiser Mortal upon the face of the Earth. Be it so: 'Tis still to our apprehensions a manifestation of a marvelous Wisdom, that you contrive to have all your Effects and Circumstances collected *within your self*, and keep Fortune under the Discipline of Virtue. This being so very well known has made many People inquisitive (and I presume *Seevola* has been ask'd the Question as often as I) how *Laelius* takes the loss of *Africanus*; especially because when we had our last Philosophical Consult, about the beginning of the Month, in *Brutus's* Garden, you were out of the way, tho none of the Society us'd to be so punctual to Time and Duty as your self.

Scev. 'Tis true, *Sir*, what *Fannius* tells you; I have been often ask'd to that effect: and my Answer is always ready, that as excellent a Person as he was that's gone, and as dear and true a Friend as you had of him, so far as I could perceive, you carry'd it off very well; not but you seem'd in some measure to give way to the Impression, so far as the Gentleness and Benignity of your Constitution might decently prevail with you; and in excuse for

your not appearing at our late Philosophical Conference, that it was not any dejection of Mind; but an Indisposition of Body that hinder'd your coming.

Lael. You did me justice, my Friend; Believe me, I am better determin'd to my Duty than that any Disappointment or Misadventure should put me out of my road, when I am engag'd in a good Work, provided I have health and strength enough to follow it. And if I am not mistaken, the Man that drops the main Business for any cross Accident whatsoever, wants Ballast extreamly, and has nothing of a Soul in him. As for you, *Fannius*, and the kind things you are pleased to say of me; I thank you for the good meaning, tho the Blazon is more than I dare assume or aspire to. On the other hand, in my opinion, you detract too much from *Cato*. Once for all, if ever there was any Man (and I scarce believe there has been) that was properly *Wise*, it must have been *Cato*. Among a thousand to mention a single Indication of this; Who could have born up like him under the loss of a Son? There were indeed the Instances of *Paulus* and *Gallus*, both within my Remembrance and Knowledge: but then *Cato's* Case and theirs was very different: the Children they parted with were but young little Creatures; *Cato's* Comfort was full grown, a very deserving and an admired Gentleman.

Upon

Upon the matter, there is no reason why even *Apollo's* grand Prodigy of Wisdom should take the right-hand of *Cato*: the former has his *Precepts* to plead, the latter his *Practice*. Next, Gentlemen, to join issue with you both in reference to my own particular, what the Philosophers will think of me for owning so much, I know not, but to be plain with you, my Conscience would flie in my Face if I should pretend that I am not troubled at *Scipio's* Death. It must needs discompose me, to have taken my long and last farewell of a Friend, so effectually and entirely such that has no Man, I am confident, ever had; so nobody, perhaps, will ever have such another: Still I have my Remedy at the worst: and among other Arguments of Comfort and Relief, I chear up my self with this very Conclusion (in contradiction to that Prejudice and Error which makes the generality of People take on so piteously for departed Friends) that *Scipio* has been no looser by the turn, whatever *Laelius* may have been the worse for't. And whoever is impatient upon his own score, demonstrates himself to be no bodies Friend but his own. *Scipio* has had fair Play, and fetch'd in a wide Extent of Happiness and Glory, Discounting his prospect of *Immortality* (and his Modesty would scarce give him leave to expect it) could any Man have hop'd for either more or better Pledges of Heaven's

Bounty and Favour than *Scipio* obtained ? His Childhood promised such extraordinary events, that all his Countrymen thought their Presages of him could never run high enough ; and it appeared they were not mistaken, as he drew on to a maturity of Age. This was he that never presented himself a Candidate for the *Consular Power*, and yet was twice invested with it ; the first time before he was old enough to take it upon him, had not the Rule been dispensed with : the second, within the right Period in relation to himself, though too late, as it might have prov'd ; for the preservation of the Publick. This was he that level'd the two Cities that had otherwise enslaved the great Empress of the World, and so at once put an end to the present and prevented all future Competition. Not to expatiate upon the Equality and Sweetness of his Temper, his Courtesy and Beneficence, his Deference and Dutyfulness to his Mother, his Liberal Generosity to his Sisters, his Fatherly Tenderness and Bounty towards his Relations and Dependants, and that Religious Equity and Ingenuity observ'd by him in all his Dealings and Transactions. His Example and Eminence in these respects are well-known and self-evident ; and how cordial an Esteem and Value the Publick held his Person in, appear'd as remarkably and advantageously in the Face and Voice of that
universal

universal Sorrow, at his Funeral. Judge now what a Point *Scipio* had gain'd, if Providence had pleas'd to continue him here some few years longer? 'Tis true, what *Cato* about a Year before his Death made out very clearly, in a set Discourse to *Scipio*, and my self, that Old Age is not so uncomfortable a thing as we think it; but neither can we say that such a Vigour and Activity belong to it, as were in *Scipio*. So that upon the whole, his Greatness and his Felicity were entire: and he fail'd in none, either of the Perfections or Privileges that are Compatible to the Life of Man. And then when he came to die, the stroak of Separation was so suddain, and soon over, that he had not time to feel it. What it should be, that violent Malignancy that carry'd him off, I will not pretend to determine: What the World thinks it was, I need not tell you. Thus much at least I am very sure of, that in all that continual Series of Honour, Success, and Triumph, which run through the Life of *Publius Scipio*, ne'er any Day shin'd brighter upon him than his last but one, when in the Evening, after the Senate rose, all the Members of it in a Body, accompany'd by several of the Allies and Confederates of *Rome*; and particularly by all the *Latins* that were in Town, conducted him to his House; which seems to me such an Authoritative, forcible Attestation

of something very uncommon, and highly venerable in the Man, as imply'd his Soul was to cohabit with the Deities and not descend into the common Region. Let me here observe by the way, that I could never yet swallow the modern Opinion, as if the Soul did not survive the Body, but Death made a full end of us. The *Ancients*, as well of other Countries as our own, were they that instituted Religious Offices and Ceremonies, in behalf of the Dead, which they would certainly have let alone, had they not verily suppos'd that the Efficacy of them extended to the Objects, and that Authority in general weighs most with me, as does in particular, *Theirs*, that had once their Habitation in this Corner of the World, and disseminated their Principles of Morality over *Magna Græcia*, then in a prosperous Condition, tho' now in a manner Waste and Ruined. And so the Judgment and Determination likewise of that wonderful Person that had the Primacy of Human Wisdom, ascrib'd to him by the *Delphick* God, and was not one of those that skip backward and forward between the Affirmative and the Negative; but stood to his Assertions, Uniformly and Resolutely, That the Soul of Man is a Spiritual and Heavenly Substance; that she reascends to the Place of her Nativity and Origin when she leaves the Body; and the more generously she stands affected.

eted and dispos'd ; returns with so much the
 more Expedition and Facility. This was *Scipio's*
Perfwasion too, and accordingly in the
 Conclusion of that Debate about Political Go-
 vernment ; which took him up three Days
 successively, when *Philus*, *Manilius*, with seve-
 ral others were present, among the rest my
 self (and I remember, *Scevola*, I brought you
 along with me) when the Discourse turn'd to
 the consideration of the Soul's Immortality,
 he communicated those Discoveries which
 were imparted by *Africanus* when he appear'd
 to him one Night in a Dream ; and as it hap-
 pen'd, very ominously, or rather by Im-
 pulse, for he dy'd himself within a little time
 after. Upon supposition then, that Souls of
 a more distinguish'd and sublime Nature, up-
 on their dismissal out of this *Cage*, of a
 Carcass, fly upward with such a natural, free
 Tendency ; there's no doubt but *Scipio's* found
 the Passage to Heaven as clear and easie as the
 best of them ; and if so, 'twill denote more
 of *Envy* than *Endearment*, if we are grieved
 at his *Translation*. Or in case 'tother Do-
 ctrine carries it, and the Faculties and Fun-
 ctions of the Soul and Body cease at once ;
 then is Death a Revolution, that has neither
 Good nor Harm in it ; because when all Sen-
 sation's over, we are in *Statu Quo*, as if we
 had never been Born. And yet, at the same
 time, as to the Person we are speaking of,
 we

we have all the Reason in the World (and so will our Posterity for ever) to thank Heaven for giving him his Being. So that for his Part, I say it once again, he has been as indulgently dealt by, as he could desire; My Lot has been a great deal the severer Dispensation. I set out upon the great Road before him, and therefore it might have been expected that I should *get in* first, No matter, *Scipio* and I have passed our time together; His Conversation and Kindness have been the Blessing of my Life, and the remembrance will be so to the very end on't. In all Emergencies and Managery, whether of Publick or Private Concernment, we still acted together and were as one. Whether in the Town or in the Trenches we were never asunder. Our Aims and Undertakings, our Notions and Inclinations, and consequently our Souls were the same. In short, were it real and deserved, that high Conceit and Opinion which *Fannius* would make me believe the World professes of *Laelius's* Wisdom, 'twould not yet please me half so well as the Presumption I entertain, *That the Friendship of Scipio and Laelius, shall stand everlastingly upon Record.* This is a very agreeable and exhilarating Prospect indeed! The History of the World has not above Three or Four compleat Instances of such a Union, and I'm apt to flatter my self that the most remote Generations may find ours added to the Number.

Fan.

Fan. Undoubtedly Sir, they will in the mean time, as we are all at leisure, and it happens that Friendship is what you are talking of, we shall esteem it a mighty Favour, (my Brother *Scavola* you may be sure, as well as my self) if (according to your usual Condescension, upon any Question or Argument that's propos'd, to give the Enquirer what satisfaction you can) you'll vouchsafe to inform our Understandings upon the matter of Friendship, what are your Sentiments and Observations about the Nature of it, and by what Directions and Maxims you'd have us proceed in the contracting or the cultivation of it.

Scav. To speak for my self; Sir, I am a joint Petitioner with *Famius*, and if he had not been too quick for me, I was going to start the same Proposal my self. You cannot imagine what an Obligation —

Lel. Gentlemen, there needs not all this, and yet I know my self so well I am almost afraid to venture. We are by our selves, 'tis true, and have time before us, and the Subject-matter is very noble and inviting. But how can I look upon my self as equal to the Undertaking. 'Tis only for Men well-read, and exercis'd, such as the Learned ones among the *Greeks*, to work up Illustrations and Solutions off-hand. There's more in an attempt of this kind than the World's aware of,

of, and no Man's fit for the Province, till he's Practic'd and Season'd to't. And therefore your better way would be to make Application, for a general Account, and full Idea of this Argument, to the Men who, by Profession, are prompt and ready at this sort of Work. One Word, the sum of what I shall inculcate, is, that this World affords not another Sympathy or relation of Consequence or Satisfaction comparable to Friendship. Nothing is more accommodate and agreeable to Human Nature; nor of more Sovereign Use and Significancy, in either State of Life, the Prosperous or Adverse. First of all I take it for a *Postulatum*, that there can be no such thing but between *Good Men*. Not that I am as Delicate and Metaphysical in my meaning here as others who spin the Thread so fine, that tho' 'twill hold in Speculation, 'tis a *Cobweb* in Practice. *None but a Wise Man* (say they) *can be good*. That's easily granted. But then this Wise Man's Wisdom must be such a perfect and indefective one as Humane Nature was never yet able to compass; such as has no place but in our Imaginations and Wishes; whereas we are only concern'd for such a Degree of Wisdom as is consistent with our common Imperfections, and reducible to *Fact*. *Caius Fabricius, Marcus Curius, Titus Coruncanius*, were all Wise Men in the Apprehension of those that liv'd before us, and yet no Body supposes them Refin'd and Consummated

mated up to the Terms and the Test of these *Inquisitors*. 'Tis an Ethusiastical and an ill-natur'd Account of Wisdom, that *Scheme* of theirs; and let them e'en make their best on't, provided 'twill pass with them that the Persons aforesaid, were good and excellent Men. No, not a Word on't I beseech you. There's no body, forsooth! can be good for any thing that is not as wise as they'll have him to be! If you please, let us rather cut the Knot upon this Occasion, and take things as we find them. As thus: Let us admit that definition, and these Marks of a Good Man, which are universally agreed upon that he's a Man of unquestionable Integrity, Honour, Impartiality, Candour and Generosity; that governs his Appetites and Passions, and is guilty of nothing like Insolence, Indecency, or Inconsistency, but perfectly obedient and conformable, (Humane Infirmities apart) to the Sovereign Rule or Index of Life, the Measures and Monitions of Nature. 'Tis evident enough, I conceive, that we are all of us gotten and born to Society and Incorporation; and that the nearer any of us stand to one another, in Degrees and Circumstances of Proximity and Interest, the more immediate and exquisite is the Concurrence and Commerce. Hence it is, that our *Country-men* are dearer to us than *Strangers*, and our own *Relations and Dependants*, than those of a *separate Family*. This is no more than Natural

tural, an orderly Combination, and an Amity of Course; and yet it has not always Depth and Strength enough. There's the Advantage peculiar to Friendship above every other Relation: I cannot be a Friend (tho' I may be very nearly ally'd) to another, without loving, and being Belov'd; which is so Essential to *Friendship*, that they are really Convertibles; and 'twere well if it went along as necessarily with all *Relations* of *Consanguinity* and *Propinquity*.

But there is nothing that sets out the Merit and Dignity of *Friendship*, more than this Reflection, that it is the finer Parts or Quintessence Wrought-off of that general Societyship and Correspondence establish'd among Men by the Law of Nature, the vital Flame and Spirit gather'd and fix'd in two or three individual Souls united. My Definition of it is this; *A full and perfect Harmony and Complication of Interests and Judgments, whether in matters respecting this World, or that above; ratified and guarded by all the Philtres of a reciprocal Affection and Tendernefs.* Now this is such a Blessed and Beneficial *Privilege*, that perhaps, (besides *Wisdom* it self in the largest Sense) among all the Preeminences and Advantages, which Heaven has made us Capable of in this World, we can scarce find a more valuable and important one. Some People of a different *Kidney* may give *Riches* the Preference; another

ther Party think better of *Strength* or *Health*; a Third of *Power*; a Fourth of *Honour* and *Grandeur*; a Fifth (and the most Numerous) of *Pleasure*. As for the Four former Advantages they are fickle and short liv'd at the best, Fortune's Play-things which she disposes of as she pleases, without asking us leave; but for the Fifth, we refer you to *Goats* and *Monkeys*. Others there are, that make *Virtue* to be the *Summum Bonum*, and are highly to be commended for't; Nor is it to be deny'd, that *Virtue* is the Parent and Vehicle of *Friendship*, nay, the very *Life* and *Soul* and *Being* of it. *Virtue* I say, not that blazing overgrown *Comet*, as some Philosophers have describ'd it, that represent every thing bigger than the *Life*; but what we understand and know to be so in the allow'd Meaning of the Word and Practise of the Thing. So the *Paulli*, the *Cato's*, the *Galli*, the *Scipio's*, the *Phili*; let us admit them, tho' mortal Men, and subject to Frailties, to have been as they were always accounted, *Worthy*, *Good Men*; and the Sinless Saints that live in *Utopia*, shall be left to seek their Fortune: Such good People therefore as these we have mention'd, find the best Account imaginable in the Offices and Communications of *Friendship*. For first of all, as *Ennius* says, *A Man had as good be out of the World as want a kind bearty Associate to be free with, and confide in.* There's

There's a Wonderful Comfort and Pleasure in't, a Companion that a Man can repose and trust his Thoughts with as freely and securely as with his own Soul. What shou'd we be the better for the Sweets of Success and Prosperity, if we had not a Partner at hand to share them with us? And how strangely are Miseries and Misfortunes alleviated by the Condolance of another, that takes them more to Heart than the Sufferer himself. Again every other Allotment or Branch of Man's Prerogative in this World has its respective Tendency and its determinate End. Thus *Wealth* is only good for *Use*; *Power* to create *Dependence* and *Obsequiousness*; *Honours* and the *Ensigns of Significancy*, to procure *Esteem* and *Applause*; *Pleasure* to gratify *Inclination*; *Health* and *Vigour*, as it imports an *Exemption from Pain* together with the full force of our *Faculties* and *Benefit of our Limbs*. But the *Consequences* and *Profits of Friendship* take in a large Circle of Variety: The Rays of it answer every point of the Compass and Reach every Climate of the Globe; and there cannot be a Time when 'tis out of Season, or becomes *Disagreeable*. To be short; Not *Fewel* and *Fair-Water*, (as the Proverb speaks) are things of more universal Use and Application than *Friendship*: that is, not that Superficial and Occasional one which passes abroad for such, and which carries along with it very engaging and very profitable Consequences, but the Genuin and Adequate, that perfect *Species*, Instances

stances of which have so rarely appear'd. Such a *Friendship* as this ; how does it magnifie and multiply the Lustre of a Fortunate and flourishing Condition ? and how effectually it softens and qualifies a Calamitous *Crisis*, by interposing and taking the Bitterness off our Hands ? There are a Thousand Felicities and Opportunities of a most propitious importance, arising from *Friendship*, but none of them stands us in greater stead, than the Power it has with it to raise our Hopes, to give us at least promising Prospects in View, to keep up the Spirits and Fortifie the Soul : Over and above that a Man's Friend is really his *Mirror* ; when he looks into him, he contemplates *himself*. Thus it is that Friends tho' never so far apart, keep one another Company ; that they're well to pass in the midst of a Necessitous Condition ; Robust and Healthy in spight of Pain and Diseases ; and (which is the greatest Paradox of all) that they're alive when they're Dead ; so far forth, I mean, as a departed Friend continues with a Surviving one in the Reverence he pays to the Memory, and the Regret he feels and expresses for the Loss of him. And in this very behalf, as the one is a happy Man Dead ; So he that outlives him is no less Venerable and Valu'd. To go on ; Let but the Cement of mutual Affection and Benevolence be diluted once ; and all Societies, whether *Private*
or

or *Civil*, must fall in pieces, and the Acres lie fallow that belong to them. There is nothing that illustrates the Force and Vertue of Love and Agreement more to Advantage than the Results of Dissonancy and Division: As where is that Family or Body Politick that can keep upon its Legs when 'tis shatter'd with Animosities and splits into Parties? This alone might suffice to teach us how much a good Understanding among our selves, and a Friendly Concern for one another conduce to the Safety and Happiness of Human kind. We are told of a Learned *Agrentine*, who maintain'd it for true Philosophy in a certain Poetical Composition of his, that as *Sympathy* and *Coincidence* are the Physical Origin and Principle of Collection and Cohesion in the several Parts of the Universe, whether fixt or moving; So *Antipathy* and *Non-Conformity* are the Principle of Dissolution and Corruption. That so it is, every Man's common Sense, Ordinary Observation, and Personal Experience may convince him. Hence it comes to pass that as often as one Friend signalizes himself by exposing Life or Fortune in lieu of another's, or at least in common with him, the Resolution is so loudly and plentifully extoll'd. When my Friend and Cronie *Marcus Pacuvius's* new Tragedy came the first Night upon the Stage, did not the Theatre rock again with the Clappings and Shouts? The *King* there, you know

know was under an uncertainty about it, which of the two Strangers was *Orestes*: *Pylades* was set upon't to be Sacrific'd in the stead of *Orestes*, and affirm'd it roundly that he was *Orestes*: while *Orestes*, for his part, labour'd as earnestly and vehemently to make it believed that he was the Man. This was no more than Representation and Outside; and yet the Speculators shew'd themselves forward and warm, in expressing their Approbation: If the Scene had been real, what would they have said to it then? Now this was a fair discovery of the meaning and the power of Nature? That the Example should command a general Applause and Encouragement from these, that upon occasion, would scarce have had the Courage to imitate it. Having advanc'd thus far into the Merits of the Cause, that is, as far as I dare to meddle in't, here I stop, and as for any other Suggestions or Hints, (as I am sensible there are not few of them) relating to the Point in hand, let me recommend you Gentlemen, to their Information, whose proper Office and Calling it is, to set things of this Nature in their true Light.

Fann. I beseech you, Sir, gratifie us with your own *Growth*. I have often had the Curiosity to court the Assistance of those *Artists*, and have heard what they said with Pleasure; but you take another-guess-Method
with

with your Argument, and give it a different Air.

Scæv. What wou'd you have said then, Brother, if you had been along with us, in *Scipio's Garden*, when the *Disputation* went forward *about the Nature of Civil Government*, our great Instructour here, so very solidly and rationally asserted the Obligations of Equity and Justice against *Philus's* elegant and plausible train of Objections!

Fann. That a Gentleman of such an Ingenious and Impartial Conduct shou'd be able to justifie Fair-Dealing, has nothing of surprize in't!

Scæv. And does it look more unaccountable that the Man who has establish'd himself an Immortal Name and Reputation upon an Honest, a Religious, and a steady Discharge of all the Duties of an entire *Friendship*, should be provided to explain himself handsomly, upon this Argument?

Lael. Enough! enough! This is carrying all before you; And yet if you had prest your point any other way, you must have gain'd it; the Reasonableness of the Request in it self, no less than the Interest of the Petitioners in the Party solicited, forbidding me to discourage such a commendable Motion and Enquiry from two such near Relations. To proceed therefore; The first and principal *Querie*, (as it has always occur'd in the Order

of

of my Meditations upon the present Subject) is this, whether Entercourses of Friendship be bottom'd upon the Necessities and Insufficiency of *Individuals*, that is to say, whether it is one Man's Intention in commuting good Offices with another, to Reap that Profit, and Compass those Ends which he cannot obtain without an Abettor; nor his Assistant without him. It may be question'd, I say, whether *Friendship* is the Result of any such Origine as this. And indeed it is notoriously the Issue of a much more Honourable Principle, antecedent to any such in its Virtue and Operation, and a more immediate Dictate and Admonition of Nature. 'Tis *Amor* Love; Whence the very Word *Amicitia*, *Friendship*; the Charm that unites Affections, and Kindles a Zeal of promoting mutual Interests. 'Tis enough toward securing the main Chance, and feathering our Nests, a Shew or Ostentation of Friendship, the Officiousness of a *Sycophant*. But Gloss and Varnish are repugnant to the Being of true Friendship, which is all over Sterling and Free-choice: So that we can affirm it, upon sure grounds, that it is not so much from any Sense of our Wants and Weakness, as from the natural Bent of our Inclinations that *Friendship* takes its Birth; and the Probability of any Gain or Advantages we may make of it contributes very little towards effecting of that which commences from

a sincere, voluntary, affectionate Propensity and Conversion of Soul to Soul. The Virtue and Importance of this Principle is very discernable also in the Animal World. It sets forth it self most remarkably in the Fondness which passes between the Old ones and their Offspring, during the Infancy of the latter. But Human Nature expresses it in more Evident and lively Discoveries: As, first of all, in the pious and passionate Love of the Parent to the Child, and the Child the Parent; the neglect or violation of which is Monstrous. So, Secondly, in that Concurrence and Harmony of Affections which springs from a Likeness and Uniformity of Moral Actions and Inclinations between this Man and 'tother, when they shoot the Resplendency of their Virtues upon one another's Souls, till the Luminaries from either side close into one. It cannot be otherwise, till *V E R T U E* ceases to be what it is, the most Attractive and Amiable Thing in the World. Hence we fall in love so frequently with those that we have never set Eyes upon, purely from the Fame and Character of their Vertue and Probity. As who can avoid admiring and caressing the very Names of *Fabrizius* and *Curius*, tho' he never beheld their Persons? or afford a favourable Thought to the Memory of a *Tarquin*, a *Spurius Cassius*, or a *Melius*? The two most Formidable Enemies and accomplish'd Generals that ever disputed

puted with us, for Dominion and Sovereignty were *Pyrrhus* and *Hannibal*. *Pyrrhus* had Honour and Integrity in him, and upon that account has always extorted our good Opinion and Respect : *Hannibal* behav'd himself barbarously and inhumanly, and no *Roman* will ever mention him without Resentment and Detestation. Now if Honesty and Generosity have such a Power over us that we cannot forbear being Enamour'd with them, not only when we meet with them in Instances that we were never acquainted with, but in others too, of Men that have made it their Business upon observing and scanning all the Excellent Qualities and good Actions of such worthy Persons, as it lies in our Power to strike Acquaintance and Unite with, they shou'd make their way into the Soul. And by that time these Initial Impressions of Favour and Esteem, by constant and continual Conversation, Exchange of Benefits, and all the Overtacts and Evidences possible of a Reciprocal Heartiness and Confidence, have attain'd their full Age and Strength, the Friendship Flame's out, in the most passionate and vigilant Ambition, between the Parties, to gratifie and oblige one another. To ascribe no better an Original to such an Ardour as this, than a Scantiness and Incompetency of Circumstances, as if 'twere good for nothing but to stop a Gap and keep us furnish'd, is to lessen and expose

pose the Dignity of it extreamly. Besides, if there were no more in it than this, 'twou'd follow, that the more a Man stood in need of Succours, he wou'd be so much the better qualified and prepared for the Part and Purposes of Friendship; which is quite otherwise. For the fuller Dependance a Man has upon himself, the more he has of his own properly, that is, within himself, and the greater Plenty of Provision his Vertue and Wisdom have secur'd to him, the better Hand, and the better Success he will have, both at contracting and cultivating an Alliance. Did Matters go so ill with *Africanus* or with me, that either he must have been at a loss without me, or I but for him? Never in this World. No, 'twas purely the Greatness and Goodness of his Soul that wedded me to him; as on 'tother part he thought, at least, he saw something agreeable and recommending in my Demeanour, and this engag'd him to me: And so the longer we had known one another, and the more we had convers'd, the better still we lov'd. I do not deny but our *Union* turn'd also to the Furtherance and Advantage of our Private Concerns and Pursuits; But then 'twas not any hope or Preconception of this that kindled the Friendship. 'Tis not for Considerations of *Toll and Custom*, that Publick-Spirited Gentlemen do all the good they can among their Neighbours, but all such Intentions are so very Rational and Satisfac-

tory

story in themselves, that they cannot forbear
 entertaining and pursuing them. Liberality
 and Beneficence are above *taking Interest*.
 And so it is in the matter of Friendship;
 a Relation that is so far from being founded
 upon Mercenary Motives, that it overlooks
 all other Aims and Ends, but those of an
 abstracted and an absolute *Affection*. 'Tis
 no matter for those Brutes in Humane Shape,
 that make Pleasure the sole Inducement, and
 the Sovereign End of *Action*. We have no-
 thing to say to them, and let them not won-
 der at it. All the Faculties and Efforts of
 their Souls are prostituted to such an ab-
 ject, Infamous Service, that it is no longer
 in their Power to look upward, and grasp any
 Noble or Sublime Ideas. And therefore we'll
 give the Voluptuary no farther Interruption.
 'Tis enough if we clearly apprehend for our
 selves, that Vertue and Gallantry displaying
 and approving themselves, are the Excellen-
 cies that beget Esteem and Love, and put us
 upon ingratiating and obliging Counsels.
 No sooner are these Qualities discover'd,
 but we are infinitely taken with them, and
 then 'tis but natural to give our selves an In-
 vitation, and make up to them, that is, when
 we have list'd the Man in our Favour, to get as
 near him, and keep as close to him and to en-
 gross as much of the Benefit of his Example
 and Conversation as we can, and so to bring

the Business about at last, that there shall be no Love lost between the Parties, but each of them shall furnish it in an equal Proportion, and at the same time be readier on his own Part, at laying on an Obligation, than at looking after a Requit. And this Competition, as it is every way Handsome and Generous, must be manag'd up to all the Principles of Sincerity and Punctualities of Honour. Thus the one Proposition, that we cannot be assur'd of the many valuable Events and Advantages that flow from Friendship, will easily be reconcil'd with the other ; That it is not the Sense of our own Imbecility, or the Prospect of Difficulties, but the Equity and Reasonableness of the thing it self, which properly produces that Relation, at least with serious and considering Men. And forasmuch as right Consequences and Connections are necessarily and immutably such, for that very Reason Friendship, if true and perfect in kind, must be likewise Indissoluble and Everlasting : Whereas if it ow'd its Birth and Subsistence to a Persecution of Private Ends, a Revolution of Affairs wou'd immediately annihilate it. I have given you the best account I can of the Origin of Friendship. 'Tis a Question whether you wish for

Second Course.

Fann. Let's have it all, Sir, we beg of you
—— Being *Scævola's* Senior I may speak in
the Plural.

Scæv. 'Tis granted, —— Pray, Sir, proceed.

Lael. I shall my *Worthies*, to bring you acquainted with all that Set of Principles and Notions which *Scipio* and my self, as we have been frequently conversing upon the Subject of Friendship, have adjusted and methodiz'd: That Friends should hold together tight, and keep up the mutual Relation without abatement as long as they live was, in *Scipio's* Apprehension, little less than Miraculous. Sometimes their Designs and Interests happen to clash: Sometimes they disagree in their Politicks; and as he farther observ'd, Misfortune, Age, or the like; shall now and then bring about such a lamentable alteration in a Man's Temper and Course of Life, as one wou'd hardly have imagin'd. And this (he wou'd say) is an Inconstancy that expresses it self to the Life, betimes in the Humour of young Children, that are as fond of one another as can be for a while, but frequently forget their Old Friends, when they come to leave off their Hanging-sleeves. Or if by chance they carry up their Unanimity beyond their Minority, then fresh occasions of dividing come on, as Gaming, Drinking, Rivalship, a Wife's Perswasion, or many times

the Chase of one and the same Game, which 'tis impossible for both of them to go away with. And yet if they shou'd have the luck to steer their Affections cleaverly thro' all these Rocks, tis odds but when they are grown Old and Discreet enough to set to publick Business, and push forward for Posts of Honour and Preferment, they fall together by the Ears: As indeed there is nothing that breeds Animosities and Ruptures among the generality of Mankind, more than Avarice and Selfishness; and 'tis often seen that even the best of Men, when a Prize of Dignity, Grandeur and Glory has warm'd them with Emulation, of the dearest Friends and Confederates, become the very worst of Enemies. And then farther, it blows up the first Foundations of a fair Correspondence, when one of the Parties will impose any Dishonourable Office or Negotiation upon 't'other; as if (suppose) he should ask him to Pimp for him, or lend his hand in any villanous Design upon his Neighbour. The Refuser, (Honest Man!) when the Proposer finds he cannot work him to a Compliance, shall be charg'd home, to be sure, with Breach of Faith and Friendship. As on the Proposer's part, the Freedom and Boldness of Demand its self is in effect as much as to say, *That he'd scorn to stick out at any thing to oblige his Friend.* The Flourish and Fallacy of this Pretext administers matter for last-

lasting Invectives and Complaints, then all Entercourses of Kindness and Familiarities are at an end, and the blackest Resentment and Rancour take Possession in the room of them. Now these and the like desperate Malignancys, *Scipio* well knew to be so numerous and epidemical, that he concluded the Man must be no less a Favourite of Fortune, than a Proficient in Wisdom that comes off clear of them all in the Conclusion. And here, first, it may be proper, with your Permission, Gentlemen, to consider how far Love and Favour are allow'd to govern in the Practice of a Friendly Part. For the purpose; Was there any Obligation incumbent upon *Coriolanus's* Friends and Well-wishers, to join him in his Outrage and Hostilities against the Lives and Liberties of his Country-men? Or upon those of *Vissellinus* (or *Spurius Maelius*) to be Tools to his Ambition, and lift him into a Throne? No sooner *Tiberius Gracchus* begun to carve for himself, and fall foul upon the Commonwealth, but you see, *Quintus Tubero* and all the rest of his Friends that were upon a Level with him, renounc'd the Wretch. On the contrary; *Caius Blossius* of *Cuma*, that by the way met with very kind and civil Entertainment; *Scævola*, among your Relations, that time that he apply'd to me, as being a Joynt-Commissioner with *Lenas* and *Rupilius* the Consuls, and then sitting upon Business, to make

his Peace, and procure his Pardon, he hop'd he said, I wou'd take pity on him, and stand his Friend for this Reason, because truly *Gracchus* had always had such an Ascendant over him, and such a free Power to determine him that he conceiv'd, he had no more to do than to put in execution whatever 'tother directed. Very well, said I, Suppose he had bid you go and set Fire to the *Capitol*, wou'd you have obey'd your Orders? He reply'd he was confident such a thing as that cou'd never have enter'd into *Gracchus's* head. However, said I again; Suppose at least, he had declar'd it his Will and Pleasure? Why then he confess'd he should have gone about it immediately. What a frightful Discovery of himself was this! And yet as Horrid as it looks in the Expression, his Practice made it appear he meant worse than he spoke. For the Truth on't is, it cannot be say'd he follow'd *Gracchus's* Fortunes, or abetted his Seditious and Extravagant Designs; because he led him the way, and out-shot him at Enterprizing: 'Till at last the Terror of a fresh Indictment, issuing out against him, sent the Mad-man packing into *Asia*, where he joyn'd himself a Volunteer to a Foreign Enemy, and paid dear enough in good time, for his Perfidiousness and Obstinacy. To do an ill Thing, and then think to come off, with saying 'twas done at the Instance of a Friend,

'tis

'tis Ridiculous. It has already been prov'd, that the good Opinion which one Man has of another's Vertue, is the Rise and *Radix* of Friendship; And then what becomes of the *Friend*, when the *Man* degenerates? In a limited Sence, 'Tis a Fundamental Rule, and whoever observes it strictly, must be allow'd to have reach'd the farthest Perfection of Human Wisdom; that as Friends have a liberty in general, to crave Assistances and Favours at one another's Hands, so they are oblig'd as frankly and indefinitely to exchange them, that is to say, when the Proposal is Innocent and Justifiable: For it must be remember'd, that we deal in no other sort of Friends at this time, but such as the World affords; such as we have met with in Life, or got notice of, either from the Report, or the Remains of those that went before us. This is the *real Class* of *Friends*, out of which we gather our Instances, even those of the first Order and Eminence in the School of Wisdom. Common Fame and Tradition have celebrated the fast Friendship and Familiarity of *Papus Amilius*, with *Cains Luscinus*. They were joyn'd in the administration of the Consulat twice, and twice Fellow Censors. *Marcus Curius*, and *Titus Coruncanius*, were very great with 'em too; (says the Testimony of their Contemporaries) as well as with one another. These now were Persons of so clear

a Character, that we cannot imagine any one of them would have offer'd to impose upon his Confederate, the doing or approving of any thing inconsistent with the Laws of Honour, or the Obligation of Oaths and Publick Duty. That were a Nonsensical Supposition. Or if one or other of them could have prevail'd with himself to make such a motion, (and there's not an ace to choose, between proposing a Piece of Wickedness and the Practice) I am perfectly satisfied the rest would have shew'd themselves Men of more Conscience and Religion than to encourage or assent to't. No, they would never have danc'd after *Gracchus's* Pipe; as *Caius Carbo* did, and so *Caius Cato* too, and *Gracchus's* own Brother *Caius*; tho' for his part it must be confess'd he did not act half so furiously in the beginning, as he has done since. So then here is the leading and Principal *Proviso* in the Charter of Friendship, that Friends are not allow'd to put one another upon unwarrantable Counsels or Undertakings nor to comply when they are suggested: And 'tis as silly a Plea as 'tis a Scandalous one; in excuse or palliation of a Misdemeanour, especially of an Offence against the Government, to protest I had never done it but to gratifie my Friend. The Publick Felicity, Peace and Order, must be look'd to in the first Place; We are all of us, I take in Gentlemen, in our several Stations as so many Poli-

Political Centinels and Watchmen, and ought to overlook all intermediate Objects to get what intelligence we can of such Events as are gathering upon the Commonwealth. Our Predecessors were eagerly devoted to this part of their Duty : 'Twere well if we regarded it as Sollicitously now a-days. Nothing wou'd serve *Tiberius Gracchus* but he must be a Monarch, and really for some Months together his Majesty govern'd the World at Will. This was a Curiosity, the first of the Kind, that had ever appear'd in *Rome*. And how far the cursed effects of it advanc'd, after himself was remov'd out of the way, by the malicious activity of his Friends and Relations, to the prejudice of *Scipio*, it makes my Heart bleed when I recollect it. We must be content, I warrant you, with the Execution that has lighted on the Head of *Tiberius Gracchus*, and his Accomplice *Carbo* must come to no hurt, for the World. And *Caius Gracchus* the Brother is just now stepping into the Tribunitial Authority : How fatal the Consequences may prove 'tis very easie to foresee ; I wish the Prospect were as entertaining. Ambition and Faction are thriving hardy Weeds ; when they once begin to infest a Soil, they'll spread, and shoot out ; and run up to seed in spite of all Arts and Endeavours to stop the Progress. Of this, to our Detriment and Discredit too ; we have had an undeniable Evidence in the Inconveniences,

ences of those two Laws ; the *Gabinian* first, and then the *Cassian* Enacted about two years after. In a Word, Things are brought to such a pass that the Senate and the People are upon the brink of *Separation*, and our Sovereign Lords the *Mob* are in a fair way to have their Will of us. And no wonder, as long as the Generality are so much better dispos'd to learn the proper Methods of promoting these Innovations, than of preventing or Suppressing them. To accomodate all this to the matter in hand ; Take notice that no Body wou'd be so mad as to embark in any such pernicious Attempts, that did not rely upon the Strength and Resolution of his humble Servants. And therefore whenever it happens that Men of Worth and Honour thro' Ignorance and Inadvertency contract acquaintance with such Interlopers as these ; let them be cautious how they countenance or come on with them in any Deliberations, tending to the Damage of the Community, and receive it as a sure and sacred Axiom, that in all such cases 'tis as much our Duty to leave our *Allies* to themselves, as to stand by them in any other. Common Justice and Equity demand Satisfaction of the Criminals, and admit no difference, in the Severity of the Infliction, between Principals and Instruments. *Themistocles* was one of the Bravest among the *Grecian* Heroes, and withal one of the most Popular and Secure. He commanded in chief against the

the *Persians*, and all *Greece* was deep in Ar-
 rears to his Courage and Conduct in that
 War, for the Preservation of her Liberties:
 But the Glory of the Action created him so
 much Envy, and gave occasion to so many
 Jealousies and Suspensions against him, that he
 lost his own; for he was driven into Banish-
 ment, and this Foul-dealing and Ingratitude
 was such an intolerable Provocation, that in
 spite of all the Expostulations of his Consci-
 ence, he could not forbear resenting it in as
 violent a manner as *Coriolanus* attempted to
 revenge himself upon us about Twenty Years
 ago. But the best on't is, not a Man among
 all the Old Friends of either espoused the
 Trayterous Cause; and the disappointment
 run both of them at last upon the desperate
 expedient of sending themselves out of the
 World. Upon the whole then, 'tis very clear
 against the pretended good Nature of some
 People, that reckon themselves licens'd to come
 at the call of their Friends, tho' it should be
 to massacre their Countrymen; That the
 Tyes or Temptations of Friendship are by
 no means pleadable by Apology for any
 such Treasonable Unions or Associations as de-
 serve the very harshest Animadversions of the
 Law. And at this time of day, considering how
 the World has gone, and is like to go, I look upon
 this to be a very seasonable Caution. For thus
 far I am sure I can vouch for my self, that I
 am

am as sollicitous as any Man, in reference to the present Posture of the Publick Affairs, and no less about the future disposition and progress of them, when I shall be sleeping in my Grave. Here then let us fix the Foot of Friendship immutably upon this determination, that we are never to request any thing from a Friend, but what's fair and honourable, and under that *Proviso*, to succour and support him all that lies in our Power; and that with a dextrous, impatient Alacrity: never to demur or hesitate, but to get the start of his Occasions, and prevent his Address; and particularly to think our selves happy when we can help him with our Advice or Discoveries. For wholesom Admonitions and Counsels from the Lips of a Friend are of Oracular Authority: And as we ought to lay them close and home (in some cases, without Reserve or Indulgence) so we ought to be Concluded by them. And therefore, I confess I should acknowledge those Paradoxes upon the Head of Friendship, that are attributed to the *Grecian Sages*; (as they are call'd) to be very singular and remarkable Theses indeed! but that for bantering and bearing down, they never had their Equals. Have a care (say they) whatever you do, of a multitude of Friends: For the more a Man has of them, he has the Care and Tendance of so many the more Interests

to make him Anxious and Uneasie; whereas every Man finds Trouble and Plague enough in looking after his own, without hampering himself with the Concerns of his Neighbours: And that therefore 'tis the wisest way to let our best Intentions towards one another hang loose upon us; that we may restrain or exert them as we see convenient: For that it is impossible we can be happy 'till the main Chance is secur'd; 'till we have rid our Souls of Sollicitude, and Suspence; which can never be the Condition of that Man that's every day perhaps (if a Body may say so) in *Tra-
vail of other People's Burthens*. I am told there was another Gang of them that affronted humane Nature, and sneak'd in their Sentiments worse than the former. Their Principle was this, (and I have remonstrated already to't) that in laying out for Friends, and contracting Intimacys we are never to be sway'd or influenc'd by the Motive of pure abstracted Kindness, but by that of our own well-being and Convenience. That hence it is, that the less able we are to push our Fortunes and stand upon our own Legs, so much the more we're dispos'd to make our selves as many Friends as we can: So the Weaker Sex is more careful and concern'd about Support and Protection, than the Men, the Poor than the Rich, and the unfortunate than the thriving. But then of such wonderful and excellent Importance is

is the Oeconomy of Wisdom, and so very substantial and satisfactory a Blessing has the goodness of Heaven intended us in the *Relation* of true Friendship, that the Sun it self may as well be spar'd and struck out of the great System as Familiarity and Benevolence. What occasion therefore can there be for the Basis of Self-Interest and Security? 'Tis true, these things are far from Disobliging or Contemptible, but for all that, Duty will lay her Commands upon us to depart from them in many Cases. What shall we say to the Man that refuses to have a hand in any Honourable Project or Performance, or drops it, half-way, to save himself a Trouble? In short, If Sollicitude, Restraint and Caution, are altogether inconsistent with Happiness, why don't we shake Hands with *Virtue* it self? unless you'll say there's nothing of Self-denial and Mortification in curbing our Appetites, crossing upon vicious Inclinations, and spurning irregular Satisfactions, as there cannot be a fiercer Opposition, or a more direct Contrariety than between Generosity and Malevolence, Temperance and Licentiousness, Courage and Cowardize. Accordingly, nothing disturbs a rigid observer of Justice so much as Foul-dealing: And there is nothing more nauseous to a Man of Spirit than Fearfulness and Dejection; or more offensive to modest Eyes and Ears than Obscenity and Impudence. To speak it all at once;
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Whosoever has his Mind rightly disciplin'd and dispos'd, he cannot chuse but be delighted with every Action and Intention that's truly meritorious and commendable, and as little avoid being troubled at the contrary. Since therefore the Wise and Good Man's Mind is by no means exempt from Anxieties and Conflicts; neither can be 'till we suppose him divested of such Principles and Affections as are proper to his Nature; can it be reasonable to cashier the Confidences and Communications of Friendship, because they may involve us in Cares and Difficulties? Alas! were it impossible for these Impressions to take hold of us; what is it that shou'd distinguish a Man from a Brute? I ought to have said, from a Stone or a Stump, or any thing else as insensible? Vertue, if you'll believe some People, is a sort of *Flint* or *Adamant*, but we know better things than to believe them. For we are sure, she takes all opportunities to shew herself Good-natur'd, Condescending and Compassionate; particularly in the Offices and Sympathies of Friendship. We are Elevated and Transported at a Friend's Success, and quite damp'd and down in the Mouth at his Disappointment. Upon the Matter then, we may ev'n as well set aside the Practice of Vertue, because 'tis somewhat inconvenient, and hard upon us, as wash our Hands of good

good Neighbourhood and Friendship upon an apprehension of the Vexations and Cares those Engagements must frequently bring upon us. Besides, as I took notice to you before, when the Principles and Resolutions of an exalted Soul, have discover'd themselves, the Mind that answers it in its Excellencies is o'course, as it were, absorpt into't; and then 'tis impossible but they should agree very well together. How many *Guegams* and Trifles are there, as Dignity, Pomp and Fame, Fine Houses, Fine Cloaths and Accoutrements upon which we settle our very best Affections: And is not a Mind espous'd and consecrated to Vertue, capable as it is of conceiving and returning the good Graces of Benevolence, an Object that can't warm us into Fondness and Admiration? especially since 'tis one of the most delightful and relishing Entertainments in the World, to be requiting Courtesies and exchanging Obligations. Then there is another, a very apposite and a very material Consideration, which ought to go along with the former; that no one natural Cause, perhaps in the World bring on an Effect so necessarily as Likeness and Uniformity, beget Favour and Friendship; and consequently one good Man cannot avoid loving another; and courting a Correspondence with him, as his near Kinsman and Relation, on the part of his Disposition and Intentions. For nothing
more

more eagerly affects and catches Congenial Qualities than Nature. So that still my Friends, we are sure of our Consequence, that it is really out of the Power of good Men to keep their Inclinations unengag'd to one another; and this is the right Original of true Friendship, as meant and provided in the Order of Nature. Observe withal, that a Benevolence thus deriv'd, is very Extensive; and spreads it self over Publick Bodies and large Communities. Vertue is the most familiar and conformable, the most munificent and publick-spirited thing in the World: 'Tis the best Policy, and the surest Preservative for States and Empires; and 'tis certain it cou'd not be so, if it cramp'd a good meaning and allow'd it self to put a neglect upon Persons, even of the lowest Order and Distinction. The Truth on't is, by resolving the Sum and Substance of Friendship into Considerations and Projections of Utility or Lucre, we leave out the Principal Ingredient, and the Sweetest too. For after all, 'tis not so much the Value and Importance of a Friends, Assistance or Services that yield us a Pleasure, as the Frankness and Fervour of his Intentions. 'Tis a heartty and good meaning in the Breast of my Benefactor, that gives the relishing Briskness and the last Grace to a good turn; and the Consciousness of our own Occasions, and Insufficiency is of so little Consequence to the being

Of *Friendship*, that those People are generally the most forward to gratifie and oblige, that are better fenc'd and furnish'd with all pleny of external Accomodations, and which is more, with virtuous inclinations and resolutions within the surest Bottom, and the best Stake in the Hedge. And yet it may be necessary perhaps in some measure, that Friends should have occasion to make use of one another. As for Instance, had not *Scipio* found it convenient sometimes to call upon his Friend for his Help or Advice, at Home or Abroad, the Commerce of our Studies and Exercises as well as Affections, must have languish'd and flagg'd for want of Refreshing. All this while, the good effects of these Communications and Assistances were a Superstructure upon a Foundation of Friendship, and not the Foundation it self. And therefore there's no notice to be taken of the Problems which your mercenary Men of Pleasure advance upon us, when they let their Tongues run about *Friendship*, a thing they have never had Experience or Notion of. Let them suppose or pretend what they will; yet where (in the Name of Goodness!) will they find us out the Mortal that cou'd be well-contented to wallow in Wealth, to batten and revel in Superfluities, accepting it as a Condition, that he should be a Friend to no Body, and no Body to him? This is just such a Blessed State of Life as *Tyrants* may brag of, chequer'd with Ten thousand Apprehen-

hensions and Horrors, destitute of all generous Assurances and hearty Meanings, and excluding the Possibility of a constant Benevolence, or a serious Friendship. For what a wonderful good Understanding is there like to be between Man and Man, so long as one fears'tother; or'tother, as he has reason to believe, stands in fear of him? 'Tis true the part may be acted, and the Ceremony go on till the Pretenders get a safe Opportunity of shewing themselves. But then at last, when Providence, either by Death, or otherwise, has once put it out of the Power of an Usurper or an Oppressour to revenge himself; O then! how soon it appears, what Faithful Servants, and Loyal Subjects he had of those complying Creatures that had devoted themselves to his Ends and Interest! Thus the Story goes of Tarquin, that he should say in his Exile, he was never able till then to distinguish his truest Friends, from his false ones, when he was out of all Capacity to make either of them suitable Returns; tho' as for the former, I can hardly perswade my self such a Harsh, Imperious Master cou'd have reckon'd upon any one Man in the World as such. 'Tis altogether unconceivable, how any Rational Being should take part in good earnest with another, that had the Misfortune to carry such Disobliging Qualities about him. Nay, and very often the Advantages of Power and Fortune betray us into foolish Measures, and render the Covenants of Combination precarious

rious and unsecure. 'Twere well, cou'd Fortune be contented to be blind by her self, but there's the vexation, if she bestows her Favours upon you, 'Tis ten to one but she ruins your Eye-sight too; As we commonly see what Arrogant Over-grown Fops she makes of her Favourites; and certainly there is nothing in Nature so very perverse and unmanageable, as a Fool when the World goes well with him. But so it is, and general Experience proves it, that an Accession of Riches and Power is apt to turn the Brain, to curdle a Disposition naturally mild and courteous, and to put us upon Projects of discarding our old Confidants, and calling a *new Ministry*. But all this while what a Miracle of Wisdom shall we reckon that Man that applies all his Estate, his Interest, and his Wit, to the purchasing of more Possessions and Chattels, as new Sets of Horses, and Suits of Cloaths, Plate, Slaves, &c. yet never employs his Opportunities, or troubles his Head about providing himself the most valuable and ornamental Appurtenance of Life, and that is the Security and Comfort of *good Friends*. We know not but the Pains and Expences we are at to fetch in all other Accommodations may turn in the Issue to other People's Account, and the Harvest of them escheat into Foreign Hands; as being liable and passive to all violences of Invasion, and Rapine;

pine ; but *Friendship* is a fixt and an unalienable Tenure, and contributes in such a measure to the Happiness of Life, ; that tho' we cou'd trust to the Bounties of Fortune ever so much, ; yet the Benevolences and Benefits of Friendship and Converse deducted once, we had better be out of the World. And so much for the right Original and Nature of Friendship. We are next to define the Latitude and Extent of that Love and Zeal which is proper to this Relation, that is, to what a degree Friends are oblig'd to value and serve one another. Now about this matter there are three several Opinions ; but I cou'd never be satisfyed with any of them. The first is, that we are to love and consider our Friends as much as our selves : The next ; That we are to love them just as well and no further, than they love us : The third ; That I owe my Friend the same Concern and Regard which I observe him to have for himself. I know not how to acquiesce in e'er a one of these three Determinations. Not in the first of them ; That we ought to be as kind to our Friends as to our selves, because there are multitudes of Cases, in which a Man wou'd hardly stir upon his own Account, and yet acts very readily in behalf of his Friend ; as in the case of importuning a Favour, or deprecating a Severity at the Hands of a Rascal that's beneath our Application ; or as
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when we take up the Cudgels for a Friend and suffer our selves to strike out into Passion and Vehemence in the vindication of him. Such a Conduct, when we undertake the Cause of a Friend, is truly commendable and generous ; which would be very unbecoming if the Concern were our own. Besides, how frequently does it happen that a Man of Honour and Gallantry relinquishes all his own Title to an Advantage, that his Friend may take it to himself, and make his best on't ? As for the Second Opinion, That one Friend's Affections and Courtesies are to keep an equal Pace and Proportion with anothers ; 'Tis as fantastical an Extream, 'tis making a Drug of Friendship, and detailing Returns of Kindness by Drams and Scruples. Certainly, rather true Friendship enlarges the Soul, impregnates it with Principles of Munificence ; and scorns to be precise in balancing Accounts. 'Tis never apprehensive or concern'd, least it shou'd overcharge an occasion, make waste of the Favours, and swell the common Stock too full. But the third *Proposition*, That I owe my Friend the same Concern and Regard which I observe him to have for himself, is worse than all the rest. As for Example ; How often does it happen, that pinching Circumstances, and a declining Fortune, break a Man's Spirit, and throw him almost into Distraction or Despondency ? In
such

such a Case, I suppose it may be my Duty to do by my Friend, as I would be done by, and not as he deals by himself, that is, to keep him in Heart, and possess him with good Presages as much as I can. So that upon the matter, we must look out further to find the true extent of that Love, which follows the Relation of Friendship. But first of all, give me leave to take notice of a foul Position, which *Scipio* never gave any Quarter to; and it was this, That the Love of Friends ought to be limited with Reserves and Abatements for the possibility of a future Disagreement. This he said, was a Direction most dangerous and repugnant to the Interest of true Friendship, and that for his part, tho' it pass'd in the World for the Saying of *Bias*, one of the Seven Sages, he never cou'd believe it was his, but an Expression that fell from some Rascally Fellow or other, perhaps from some aspiring Politician, or insatiable Oppressour: As if I cou'd suppose my self a real Friend to any Man, as long as I leave my self at Liberty to hate him. By the very same Argument, a Man might reasonably make it his Prayer, that his Friend may lash out into a Thousand Imprudences and Miscarriages, for fear himself shou'd want Matter and Pretence enough to exercise his Talent of Rebuke upon. And so, for the same Reason, it must cut him to the Heart; when

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ever his Friend takes right Measures, and Heaven gives a Blessing to them. Now then such a Doctrine, (let whos' will be the Broacher of it) to what purpose can it serve unless it be to render all Friendship Impracticable, and destroy the very Notion of it? Rather we ought to have been warn'd against settling a Friendship with any Man, that I have cause to believe I shall be tempted to break with hereafter. - Or in case the Covenants are already Ratified, and we have rashly entangled our selves in an unsuitable Alliance, *Scipio* was by all Means for keeping it up, and observing it inviolably, rather than that the Engagements of Friendship should be limited to a certain Term of Continuance. Now therefore I take the full Compass of a genuine Friendship to reach thus far, That the Morals of the Men being fairly concluded, and prov'd to be Regular and Unexceptionable, 'tis presum'd of the Parties Combin'd; that they cannot but move parallel in an absolute, indefinite Communication of Interests, and an exquisite Concurrence of Intentions and Counsels, even to such a degree of Tenderness and Generosity, that if my Friend should be so unhappy as to incur the Danger of forfeiting Life or Reputation, by any such indiscreet Practices as I cou'd not allow my self to abet him in, yet, unless his Cause should be flagrantly Scandalous indeed, I should think I ought

ought to give my Conscience all the Line I can honestly, in Excuse or Vindication of him : For there is a peculiar Licence and Permission due to the Dignity and Merit of the Relation that is between us. By the way, *Reputation*, (let me tell you,) is no inconsiderable thing ; and so for the Good-will and Esteem of our Country men, 'tis true we are not to use any Servile or Sinister Methods to procure it ; but yet we have all the Reason in the World to value and seek it, because it promises well, and gives Life to Action and Enterprize. On the other hand, when Desert goes before Favour and Interest, and Vertue makes a Man Popular ; he's to blame if he slights the Advantage. Once again to recommend you to *Scipio*, (for indeed his Discourse was strictly confin'd to the Subject of Friendship) he wou'd frequently make us sensible how much it displeas'd him, that the generality of mankind shou'd attend to all vulgar Concerns of Life with such a Curiosity, and Vigilance ; that any Man shou'd be able at any time to give you an account of every Lamb and Kid that belongs to him ; and yet if you were to ask him how many Friends he has in store, he knows nothing of the matter : That in accommodating themselves with inferiour Convenience, People shou'd proceed so deliberately and carefully ; and yet satisfie themselves in the Choice of their Friends,

with taking them at a venture, *as they come*, not thinking it worth the trouble to examine what are the distinguishing Qualifications that we should make a Judgment of the Persons by, nor whether they meet with them in the People they pitch upon. Now the Misfortune is, the Men that are only fit for our Purpose are sown very thin in the World; Men of a vigorous Resolution, and a steady Conduct. And 'tis as hard to resolve our selves, whether we have them or no, 'till we have try'd them; as 'tis impossible to find them out; what they're good for, till after they have been some time Probationers; so that it seems our Perswasion of its *Congruity*, must of necessity be subsequent to the Correspondence it self, an Intimacy must be contracted with the *Party*, before we can tell what to make of the *Friend*. What then has a Man of Understanding to do in this Case, but to keep his Inclinations, as a Coach-man wou'd a new Set of Horses, under a straight Rein, and within Command, 'till he's a little us'd to the Qualities and Temper of his new Acquaintance, and knows what he has to trust to. The Temptation of an inconsiderable Gain, or the influence even of a slender Fortune, shall have effect enough upon some Men to make them expose their own weakness and levity: Others again, shall be Proof against all Second-rate Invitations, and yet discover them-

themselves at the Importunity of greater Advantages. Or let it be allow'd, that there are to be met with such Instances of Generosity, as will not suffer any Considerations of Money or Profit, how Forcible or Weighty soever, to come in Competition with the Sacredness of Friendship; yet whither must we go to look for those Gentlemen that shall find in their Hearts to postpone Titles and Offices of Authority and Honour; Prerogative, Power, and Dominion to it? And when these on one side, wou'd engross their best Affections, and Friendship throws in a Claim on 'tother, shall slight the former, and adhere to the latter? Let me tell you, 'tis a very hard Lesson to Flesh and Blood, that of renouncing Preeminence and Power; and most People take it for granted, that the Bulk and Value of the Privileges preferr'd by them, is a sufficient Excuse to bring them off, if they should purchase them at no less a Price than that of an ingenious Friendship: No wonder then that Examples occur so very rarely of a real Confidence, and a serious Love among the great ones. Produce me, if you can, that Miracle of a Mortal that wou'd offer his Friend the Refusal of his Patent? to carry things farther yet; How much does it go against the Grain with us, to run other Peoples Fortunes, and share their Dangers and Distresses? The Man that

will resign up himself thus far is a *Phœnix* indeed ! and yet *Ennus* is certainly in the right on't where he tells us,

*'Tis hardly possible for Man to know
The Faith of Friends, 'till Fortune turns his
Foe.*

Mankind affords but a very small number of those that do not unhappily betray their littleness and inconsistency, at least in one or other of these two Failures; either by a Contemptuous Behaviour, when their own Circumstances flourish and flatter them, or by a treacherous Inactivity and Desertion when those of their Friends are at an Ebb. So that really the Man (whoever he is) that Forfeits his Character neither way, but keeps his Poise, and approves himself seriously and stedfastly determin'd in his Friendly Intentions; this Man is an Ornament to Human Nature, or rather seems to transcend it. Now the very Life and Essence of all that firmness and constancy which we here insist upon, is *Faithfulness and Sincerity*: Wherever that is wanting, the best Pretensions must unavoidably prove Precarious and Empty. To secure this Point, we must chuse with Caution, and have nothing to do but with Persons of an Even and Uniform Deportment, and of a Humour and Disposition exactly calculated to

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our own. A desultory, double *Genius* will never do ; a Man cannot tell when he has his hold on't ; and 'tis absurd for me to depend upon a Temper that has little or no Affinity with mine. And then there's another Article to be nicely observ'd, and that is, neither to tax a Friend with any untoward Imputations our selves, nor to believe them upon the Report of others. Now these and the like Provisions have a more immediate Relation to that *steadfastness of Affection*, I have dwelt so long upon. Thus then the Truth of what I observ'd at first appears very bright, namely, that none but Men of Honour and Probity are qualified for the Purposes of Friendship, in the Cultivation and Exercise of which there are two things which a good or a wise Man (for they are both the same) will be more especially careful in ; first of all, never to hang out false Colours, or pretend beyond what is real ; it being ten thousand times a more honourable and handsome way to deal openly, and declare our Indifference or Aversion than to cover it with an Air of Inclination ; and Secondly, neither to hear with Patience, any Reflexions insinuated to the Prejudice of his Friend ; nor to conceive or indulge any hard Suspicions of his own, as if, ever and anon, his Collegue were playing him foul ! — Then there is the finishing Aromatick Ingredient to give all the

rest a Flavour, a very Significant and Sovereign one, and that there is a genteel Complacency, and a winning Sweetness in our Expressions and Behaviour ; There must be nothing that seems sower or saturnine in the Correspondence : Such a Gloom, 'tis true, may be a very shrewd Sign of a Hearty Meaning, and Serious Resolutions ; but 'tis of Consequence to Friendship, that it shou'd use all the Innocent Freedom in the World, and render it self as taking and entertaining as may be. And hereabouts I fancy, we may seasonably enough make a Corollary of an old Query, and that a pretty perplexing one, Whether or no we are to distinguish and deal by our Friends as a Jockey does by his Horses, give those the Preference (all other things consider'd) that came last to Hand ? Tho' really this is such a Question as a Reasonable Creature may be ask'd of. A Friendship fairly contracted, is none of the common Play-things to be thrown away, or taken to pieces, when a Man has made them his Diversion for some time. 'Tis all a Case with a true Friend, as with a strong-body'd Wine, the longer he's kept, the better he proves, and the Brisker he relishes. 'Tis an old saying, and there's a great deal of Truth in't, *Many a Peck of Salt must be spent between the Parties e'er a Friendship can be say'd to be Perfected.* Not that it is therefore adviseable to decline any accessional Alliances

ances that Blossom and promise well. But still there's a great deal in Predecessourship and Long Acquaintance, and nothing must be allow'd in diminution of these. Nay (to resume the very Instance I have just before offer'd) who is there that would not rather make use of a Horse that has carryed him several Years, than another that he's almost a Stranger to, and perhaps never sat upon the back of, provided there lie no other Impediments or exceptions in the way? And the force of constant Use explains it self no less in Objects Inanimate and Insensible than in those of any Living Species. Thus they that have had their Residence for a considerable time in a Solitary, Mountainous, unfrequented Corner of the World, grow fond at last of the very Rocks and Deserts they've been us'd to. To return; There is nothing that more nearly concerns, or that reaches further in the Business of Friendship, than that matters shou'd move upon a Level, and if either of the Parties be taller in condition than 'tother; that he shou'd gather himself to an Equality with him. these Disparitys are very common. Thus *Scipio* was confessedly the Bell-wether of our Flock, if I may use such a Comparison. The Precedency was his; and yet he never put himself before either *Philus*, *Rupilius*, *Mummius*, or any other of his Inferiors. And to *Quintus Maximus* his Brother; an extraordinary Person too, but a great way distanc'd by him in Character

racter, he pay'd such a Deference as if the Odds
 had layn on 'tother side, because he was the
 elder of the Two. And indeed he affected
 it extremely, to derive the Advantages of
 his own Lustre and Eminence upon all that had
 any sort of Relation to him. An excellent
 Exan.ple! and well worthy of every Body's
 Imitation: That if a Man finds his Neigh-
 bours and Friends come behind him in the ex-
 tent of their Merit, their Understanding, or
 their Fortunes, he shou'd help them out liberal-
 ly, and lend them a share in the Splendour and
 Benefit of his Privileges. For Example; If their
 Extraction has not been the best in the World,
 or their Kindred shou'd happen to be under-
 furnish'd either in their Heads or their Pockets,
 he'll make things easie to them out of his own
 Abundance, and supply whatever else may be
 wanting to their Credit and Character in the
 Dignity of his own. Just as we find in the
 Fabulous Writers; When an Infant, the Is-
 sue either of a God or a Monarch, has been
 expos'd and train'd, may be, for several years
 together, to hard Living and Labour, 'till
 some lucky Accident discovers who begot him,
 when he has found his true Father, he still
 retains a most hearty Affection and Esteem for
 the honest Old Yeoman that formerly pass'd
 for him: A Duty which a Man's known, and
 Natural Parents have consequently a much
 better Title to. In a Word, no Bodys Ver-
 tue

true or Sense, or whatever Excellence you please, turns so much to his Account, as his that deals the Fruits and Effects of it to others. And as on the one Part, it is a necessary condescension for supporting a Friendship, that the Superiour shou'd stoop to an Equality with the Inferiour; so, on 'tother, the Inferior must by no means take it to Heart, that his Confederate overtops him either in Capacity Estate, or Quality. Of a contrary Conduct, Complaints and Upbraidings, are usually the Result; the latter to be sure without measure or mercy; when the Male-content persuades himself that his Obligations and Services have been Considerable. Now they that will hit a Man in the Teeth with any Kindnesses he has receiv'd from them, make themselves Odious and Insufferable. And my Benefactor is bound to beware the mentioning of the Favours he has been pleas'd to confer upon me no less than my self, to remember he bestow'd them. Nor shou'd it satisfy a Superior just to bend his Body, without giving his Inferiour a Lift. There's nothing that palls or perplexes a Friendship more than an Apprehension of our being disdain'd or neglected; a Surmise, which few People are troubled with but such as entertain very modest and humble Thoughts of themselves; and to put them in better Heart there must be nothing omitted that can be said to them, or done for them.

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To be determin'd in what Kinds and Degrees a Man is to distribute his Encouragements, he has two things to consider, First, What lies in his Power to do for his Friend, and Secondly, What his Friends Abilities and Qualifications will come up to. For tho' possibly it may come your way to bring about extraordinary Things for him; yet it is certain, you can never advance all your Friends alike to the highest Dignities, and the last Orb of Quality. So *Scipio* was able to bring *Publius Rupilus* to the Consulship, tho' he could not do as much for his Brother *Lucius*. And then withal, if you cou'd bring about every thing, just as you'd a mind to't, and set your Friend as high as you please, you are to make an Estimate and Judgment of the Man's Capacity and Strength. To go on; 'Till the Tempers of the Parties are settled, and their Understandings grow up, there's no reckoning upon the certainty and adequacy of a Friendship. 'Tis not necessary that, because in our greener Years there were none so great with us as our Play-fellows, and Brother Sports-men, therefore these Assistants in Recreation and Exercise, shou'd keep possession of us always; At this Rate, my Nurse and my School-mistress, that had the first Fruits of my Favour, will have a right to engross the Soul of me for good and all. 'Tis true, these are not to be forgotten or slighted

slighted neither; but then 'tis a different sort
 of Regard and Courtesy that's due to them.
 And if Friendship were no more than Equi-
 valent to such a Degree of good Nature,
 there cou'd be no depending upon it. For a
 Difference of Intentions and Inclinations,
 which cannot consist with Friendship, is the
 Natural Effect of a Disagreement in Mens
 Humours and Morals. And it is nothing
 else but that irreconcilable Repugnancy of
 the respective purposes of good and ill Men,
 that makes it impossible that any Friendship
 shou'd be between them. Let me now prescribe
 a necessary Caution, and it is this, That we be
 not Over-fond and Womanish in our Friend-
 ship, and thereby traverse a Friends true Interest
 and Happiness; a Weakness incident to a great
 many People. How cou'd *Neoptolemus*, (once
 more to dip into the Poets) have ever taken
Troy, if *Lycomedes* that had had the Educa-
 tion of him, cou'd have whin'd and whim-
 per'd him out of his Resolution to follow
 that Expedition? Important Occasions, and
 honourable Emergences, frequently call away
 Friends from one another; and he that at
 such a juncture, had rather his Friend shou'd
 be wanting to himself, than part with him,
 is an over indulgent, puny poor Soul, and
 in making the Motion injurious and un-
 faithful to the Relation he bears; for that's
 his

his Duty still, upon every occasion, to consider well, what it is he requests of his Friend, and so likewise how far he can prudently gratifie him. And sometimes there arises an unfortunate, but yet an unavoidable Necessity, to break off; at least it will happen so in Friendship of the ordinary Sort and Size; for as for the *Extraordinary*, the Confederations I mean of *Philosophers*, at present we'll let them alone. 'Tis a Thing not very unusual, for a Friend to lose himself, and run atilt, either immediately against his Duty to his Associates, or else against the Justice he owes to other People, in such a manner that his Friends must have their Share in the Infamy of his Carriage. Now when Matters are brought to such a pass, we must think of disengaging as fairly as we can, that is to

* *Mr. Collier*
of *Friendship*.

say, wind off the Bottom insensibly, not * *Unrip*, but *Unstitch*, as I have heard *Cato* express himself. Unless he comes to fly out so desperately, that it would be a shameful thing, as well as Impracticable to concern our selves any longer with him. And yet whenever it falls out, (as it does too frequently) either that a Friend abandons himself to a new Course of Life and Management, or that Revolutions and Reasons of State, (Observe still, I am here speaking, as I told you just now, not of a right Philosophical and Heroick, but the

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mon and usual extent of Friendship) divide their Sentiments and Interests, we must be sure to come off so, that while we are working our selves out of the *Friendship* and *Familiarity*, the World may have no ground to believe we are at the same time meditating *Opposition* and *Hostilities*; because 'tis a mighty Disparagement and Reproach, when we have cultivated a good Acquaintance with any Man, afterwards to proclaim War, and act Offensively against him. 'Tis true, *Scipio* was pleas'd upon my Account, (you know) to set aside the Friendship of *Quintus Pompeius*, and so likewise a Dissension of a Publick and Political Nature, occasion'd a Separation between him and my Colleague *Metellus*. But then he retreated both times leizurely and decently, without Forfeiting any part of his Character, or discovering the least Tincture of Resentment. We see then that in the first place, we are to prevent a Rupture, if possible; but if at last we come under a necessity of breaking off, we should endeavour to steal away unperceiv'd; let our Intimacy die by Degrees, and not crush it all at once. Special care must be taken, when we can no longer love a Man as a Friend, that we do not begin to hate him as an Enemy; and raise a Tumult about our Ears of Expostulations, Invectives, and Contumelies. Nay, shou'd we fall under this Discipline in spite of all our Endeavours

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vours to divert it, the Reverence that's due to the Memory of a Friendship that has been once establish'd, obliges us to bear it patiently as long as we can; and the Aggressor, not the Party Passive, must be answerable for the Insult. Tho' the best and surest way is to keep clear of all Engagements which are like to conclude thus uncreditably and inconveniently, that is to say, not to fix our Affections too hastily, nor upon Persons unworthy of our Choice. Now no Man deserves to be made a Friend of, but he that carries his Recommendations and Pretensions *within him*. Such People are very scarce, (as things of the greatest Value always are) and he that proposes to compass any thing compleat and perfect in its kind, must be contented and resolv'd to spare no Pains for't. As for the generality of us, we have no other measure, or motion of *the worth of any thing but so much Money as 'twill bring*, and we rate our Friends by the very same Estimate as we do our Beasts, the Choicest are they that do us most Service, and bring us in most Profit. Hence it is that so few of us arrive at that genuine and divine Friendship, which resolves all its Excellency and Insignificancy into it self; we are Strangers to the Dignity and Power of such an exquisite Sympathy, for want of trying the Experiment. Every Man loves himself, because Nature has made his Being his

Favourite, and not for any Design or Expectation, he has * *to make a Penny of himself* : And in regard a True Friend is properly a *Man's* * Mr. Collier *of Friend-ship.*

Other Self, no Man can be such, but upon the Footing of such an indefinite and immediate Love. 'Tis very evident and observable in the *Animal* World, how naturally every *Species* of it, the Beasts, the Birds, the Fishes; the Wild, the Tame, is dispos'd and prompted, in the first place, to a Tenderneſs and Love for their own *Compositions* ; and, in the next, to provide themselves with ſuitable Companions and Consorts of their own kind, a Concern which they proſecute as earneſtly as we, and after the ſame manner. How much more Conſpicuous an Inſtance ought Man to approve himſelf of this Propenſity and Practice, directed as he is by the firſt Principles of his Nature, to love his own Perſon, and procure himſelf a Second with ſuch a Soul as he may reckon upon for his own; and receive, as it were, into the very Subſtance of it? But alas! we are, moſt of us, Perverſe and Unreaſonable to that degree, (not to ſay *Impudent*) that we expect our Friends ſhould be what we cannot be our ſelves; and challenge greater things on their part, than we can pretend to make good, or are willing to engage for on our own. However, thus much at leaſt is requir'd; firſt of all, that

a Man takes care to be what he ought to be himself; and then to find out another of his own Complexion. When two such Unite, 'tis impossible the Friendship contracted between them, shou'd want any degree of that Firmness and Stability we have been talking so much about. They that Associate with no other meaning than that of a pure, disinterested Love, must be Men that have such a Command of themselves as to govern Despotically those Appetites and Passions which other People are Slaves to: They cannot but be zealously and absolutely in the Interest of Honour and Integrity. And as neither of them will suffer himself to solicit or expect any Condescensions or Compliances from t'other, but what are justifiable and fair; so neither of them will decline to serve and gratifie t'other to the utmost of his Power in whatever is so: And then too, over and above the Exchange of good Offices and Tenderesses between them, they'll be under an Awe and Observance of each others Authority, and a Guard upon one another's Actions. And therefore he that leaves out *Modesty* and *Decency* in his Notion of Friendship, divests it of that which is its principal Grace and Elegance. 'Tis a most pestilent Error which too many are abus'd by, That Friendship will serve to countenance and justifie the wildest Extravagances, and the foulest Enormities: As if Nature had design'd

that

that Relation, not for an Assistant to *Vertue*, but an Accomplice to *Vice*: Whereas that's her Aim and Intention, that those Heights and Advances which an Individual would not be able to reach upon the strength of his own Vertue, he might attain by the Accession and Joint-Operation of another's; and wherever such a Harmony is, or has been, or shall at any time arise; there we have such a Combination as bids very fair for the Last and Consummative Advantages tender'd us by Nature. For this is such a *Union* and *Fellowship*, as carries in it all those Felicities which are so precious in all Men's Eyes, with which we cannot but be Happy, and without which 'tis impossible we shou'd; a good Conscience, a clear and shining Reputation, and real Peace and Pleasure of Mind. And therefore as Genuin Happiness is the Choicest, the Sovereign Good of Man; the only way to compass it, is by resigning our selves up to the Study and Practice of *Vertue*; for 'tis this alone that can ensure the Blessings of *Friendship*, or any other whatsoever: And where this is left out of the Account, we may fancy we have as many and as good Friends as we please; but when the Face of Affairs comes to alter for the worse, we shall find our Mistake. Upon the whole; 'tis a Maxim that can never be repeated too often, *Know your Man thoroughly before you make him your Friend; Don't fall in love with him first, and find*

find him out afterwards. Carelessness betrays us to a thousand Inconveniencies and Mischiefs, particularly in the Establishment and Cultivation of our Friendships. We manage hand over head, and in spite of the Proverb, *Play the same foolish Game over and over agen.* When a long Acquaintance, and a settled Course of Reciprocal Kindness have ty'd us together, some unlucky Misunderstanding starts up of a suddain, and the Friendship strikes while 'tis under full Sail: And the Danger of the Mis-carriage highly aggravates all Neglects and Omissions in a matter of the last Importance. Indeed there is hardly any one thing in the World, of which the Value and Significancy is more generally acknowledg'd than Friendship. There are too many People in the World that laugh at the Notion of Vertue, and swear 'tis all nothing but Hypocrisy and Ostentation. Others agen, are as hearty Despisers of Riches, and please themselves in confining their Desires and their Happiness within the compass of a moderate Competency. Some are ambitious and greedy of Preferment and Honour, even to Frenzy; while others are so far from setting their Hearts upon them, that they reckon them the most trivial Fopperies in the World. And so 'tis with other things: What this Man Dotes upon, shall be Trash and Refuse with a hundred besides: But as to the Valuableness of Friendship,

ship, we are all Satisfy'd and Unanimous, as well that Part of Mankind that resign themselves to Publick Services and Occasions, as those that are wholly bent upon the Improvement of their Understandings, or those that mind no more than their Family-Concerns; Nay, the most dissolute and desperate Voluptuaries are ready to own that there's no living like a Gentleman, the Gallantry of Friendship apart. The Meaning is, that Friendship and Familiarity insinuate themselves into all the Purposes of Life, and no Man can run thro' the World without it: Or if such an Asperity should discover it self in the Temper of any particular Man, as might carry him so far that he should protest against all manner of Human Conversation and Correspondence, (and we have been told such a Story about *Timon of Athens*,) still he could hardly forbear hunting out some Body or other to vent his Spleen, and mutter his Indignation to. Of this we might soon be convinc'd, shou'd it please one of the Gods at any time to sequester us from all Human Society, and hide us in a close Obscuritie; yet so, that we should be largely and indulgently supply'd with all the Furniture and Conveniencies of Life, but out of hope of ever seeing the Face of a Man agen; 'twere enough to break the very hardest of our Hearts, and all the Gratifications in the World wou'd seem perfectly insipid and nauseous

seous under such an uncomfortable Restraint. Well then ! *Archytas* of *Tarentum* was certainly in the right, as to that Observation of his, which he so frequently Inculcated to our Friends heretofore ; and which some of the last Age, who receiv'd it from the Old People in their time, were pleas'd to communicate to my self ; That were any Man to make the Tour of the Universe, and be admitted to a free Contemplation, and an intimate Knowledge of the Qualities, Order, and Symmetry of the Heavenly Bodies, all the Surprise and Pleasure of the Scene would be lost to him, for want of a Companion to talk it over to, as exquisitely Delightful as 'twould be, if he cou'd have one. Nature takes check at Solitude and Seclusion, and one Part of her grasps and fastens upon another ; and the more suitable and kindly support it encounters, the more it enjoys it self, and the better it thrives. 'Tis somewhat strange, methinks, that Nature should let us know by so many clear and express Indications, how she stands affected, and what it is she'd have ; yet we should all be so Sottish and Indocile as we are, and so unapprehensive of her Meaning, let her tell it never so clearly and audibly. To come on ; Friendship takes in a large Sphere of *Exercise*, and a vast Variety of *Operation*, as ten thousand Occasions and Suggestions may emerge ; whether of Jealousy, Distrust, and Re-

Resentment. Now, these a wise Man will endeavour to keep clear of, either by preventing, suppressing, or neglecting them: Whatever may appear a Provocation, must be so intended on one hand, and interpreted on t'other, that the Friendship may incur no loss, or decrease either of its Utility or Sincerity by it. For it may be necessary sometimes to deal plainly with a Friend, to put him in mind of himself, and press matters home to him: And nothing of all this must be taken in ill Part, provided 'tis done out of pure Affection, and with Candour. And yet, alas! (however it comes about) 'tis too generally true what my Friend the Poet has remark'd in his *Andria*, that a *Servile Flattery* gets a Man a great many *Hearts*, and an *Honest Freedom* a great deal of *Hatred*. 'Tis pity, Truth and Plain-dealing should any ways tend to Animosities and Disobligations which are of Mortal Consequence to all Friendship: But then, a fawning Obsequiousness and a general Compliance is a hundred times worse; for this is meer Pimping to a Friend's Mismanagement, and spurring him on in his speed to Ruin: Tho' the blame, after all, lights heavier upon him who desires to be fondled and abus'd, and will not suffer Measures to be concerted with him upon the Square. In fine; The business must be prosecuted with all imaginable Discretion and Application: Let the Monitory Part have nothing

thing in't of Sowerness or Passion : Let nothing Harsh or Opprobrious mingle with a Rebuke: And as on the one hand the *Obsequium* (to keep to the Word as I meet with it in *Terence*) our *Concurrence* and *Subserviency* ought to be Easy and Genteel. So on t'other hand, let it not betray us into any thing like a *Parasitical Meanness*, for that's the *Jackcall* to every other *Vice*; and beneath, not only the Character of a Friend, but the Spirit of a Gentleman. There are no two Things more distinct and opposite in Nature, than the *Officiousness* of a *Minion*, and the *Alacrity* of a Friend: But when once a Man has wax'd up his Ears, and is proof against all Counsels or Informations from the Mouth of his Friend, be they never so right or reasonable, 'tis a desperate Case: That Aphorism, among a multitude of *Cato's*, is a Celebrated and a Weighty one, *That some People in the World are more oblig'd to their most Malicious Enemies, than to their Best-belov'd Friends, because the former sometimes speak out a Truth, but the latter never.* Nor can any thing be more Preposterous and Absurd, than for a Man that falls under Correction to misplace his Resentment; to take that to heart which he has no reason to be troubled at, and to be unconcern'd at another thing, which properly, ought to disturb him; that is to say, that the Reproof shou'd disquiet him, and not the Occasion of it; whereas he certainly ought to be

be thankful for the former, and sorry for the latter. So then ; As it is of the Essence of a hearty Friendship, a freedom in communicating and receiving good Admonitions and Directions ; I mean, that we should tender them very plainly and ingenuously, but by no means roughly and imperiously. And again, that we should entertain them without Aversion or Impatience ; so we come under a necessity of asserting, that nothing can have worse Effects upon Friendship, than *Flattery* and *Fawning*, and *Cockering* For this Infamous Practice, you must know, carries a great many Names, and never betrays it self but in Fops and Impostors, that instead of Truth and Reason, make Gratification and Compliment the Scope of all they say. And as Hypocrisy and Dissimulation are upon all Accounts, and in every Instance of them Criminal, seeing they pervert the very Ends of Discourse and Action, and supplant all Principles of Veracity and Simplicity ; so they are therefore most directly contrary to the nature of Friendship, because they are inconsistent with that which is the Soul and Foundation of it, *Integrity* and *Truth* : For the Value and Importance of Friendship is wholly resolv'd into the Power which it has with it, of blending several distinct Souls into one. And how can it ever effect this, where the same Individual has two sorts of Souls, is a Contradiction to himself ; and

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dodges, and shuffles, and commands a thousand Shapes? 'Tis the most Easy, Versatil Engine in Nature; a Fellow that says, and does, and is every thing to please you, as duly as you give him the Word or the Sign! *Negat quis? Nego* (says the *Sharper* in *Terence*) *Ait Aio, &c.* *It can never be so, says he, Never Sir, that's certain, say I. 'Tis clear, it must be so, says he. As the Sun in the Meridian, say I; That's my Rule and Resolution, every thing he's for, I'm for.* Thus *Gnatbo* determines with himself! And what a precious Friend now, d'ye think, one shou'd have of such a Stick of Wood! But the worst and the most troublesome *Gnatbos* of all, are those of Quality, Eminence, and Estate, that play the Cheat and the Buffoon by *Authority*. However, the best on't is, with a little Caution and Application, we may distinguish as securely between a true Friend and a Parasite, as between Reality and Fallacy, Substance and Shadow, in any other Case whatsoever. When the Free-Holders swarm at Publick Elections, or upon any other Business; as Unthinking and Dull as they generally are, they'll discern well enough between the Drift and Pretensions of a Popular, Complaisant, Insinuating Burgher, and a Sound, Considering, Serious Patriot. *Caius Papirius*, t'other day, when he stickled for the Bill *de Tribunis Plebis reficiendis*, for qualifying the same Person to be created Tribune of the Commons time after time,

time, how sily did he put upon, and stroak down the Audience? I declar'd my self against the Bill; but no matter for that; *Scipio* challenges Precedency in the present Meditation. Heavens! What a noble Oration was there! How full of Majesty and good Argument! The Performance rather spoke him the Head, than a Member of our Common-wealth. What need I say any more? You were both of you there when he deliver'd it, and have it all in *Scriptis*: The Consequence was, the throwing out of the Bill; and by that very Party too, whose Interest was propos'd in it. There was another Case wherein I was principally concern'd. You remember, no question, how acceptable a Bill to the Commons *Caius Lucinius* brought in (when *Quintus Maximus*, *Scipio's* Brother, and *Lucius Mancinus* were our Consuls) to the Prejudice of the Priest-hood: The Purport of it was to take away the Power of Electing their own Members from the College of the Priests, and putting it into the hands of the People. The same Gentleman too, was the first that ever turn'd his Back upon the Senate, to transact with the Populace in the *Comitia*: But his Mercenary Flourish soon fell to the Ground; and I baffled it without any difficulty, as very well I might, having Religion and all that's Sacred on my side. I was *Prætor* when I carry'd this Point; 'Twas about five Years before I came up to the Consulat: So that the Advo-

ate's Authority and Character cou'd not be said to carry the Cause, but the Reason and the Evidence of the Thing it self. If therefore such is the Power of Truth, when once it comes to be discover'd and shine out ; even upon a *Stage* or in a *Town-House*, where Fiction and Pretence, and Grimace rule the Roast ; In the matter of Friendship, undoubtedly it must be all in all, because 'tis its Reality which is to direct us altogether in our Estimate of it. Our Souls must be made Bare, (as we say) and our Breasts flung open to another ; else we can never be secure, nor understand what to make of Pretensions on this or t'other Part : I may love you very well, and you may love me ; and what's either of us the better, till we are sure of it o' both sides ? No wonder then, there should be so much Mischief in *Indulgence* and *Flattery* : And yet they can do no Body harm, unless where they're Courted, Encourag'd and Delighted in. As 'tis natural for a Man that's desperately Smitten with himself, and entirely devoted to his own Person, to prostitute his Ears to the Tongue of every fulsome Rascal that can get any notice of him. There's nothing has a more cordial Tenderness for it self than *Vertue* : For *Vertue* is thoroughly conscious of her own Charms, and knows very well *what she is*. That's not the thing——'Tis the meer Pretence and Appearance of *Vertue* ; not
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Vertue it self I am now concern'd about. The World abounds with a sort of People that desire to be thought strict in their Integrity and *Vertue*, much more than with those that endeavour to be so. Now Flattery and Applause are the most acceptable things in the World to these poor Creatures: You have nothing to do but to take measure of their Inclinations, and shape your Address accordingly: Talk as lavishly to them as you please; they conceive it to be no more than a reasonable Tribute and Testimony to their Merit. Mean time, what a hopeful Friendship there's like to go forward; when one of the Parties is by no means dispos'd to hear Truth, and t'other's resolv'd not to tell it him? We could hardly relish in a Comedy, such a Magnifying Coxcomb, but that he waits upon a Character as remarkable; which is that of a Red-Coat Hector. *Well* ' says the Bully, *Did the Lady then seem so sensible of the Obligation? She did,* wou'd have been enough; but *Cringer* answers him, *O dear Sir, she was Gratitude in the very Abstract.* That, you know, is the Parasite's Golden Rule, to shew things bigger than the Life when his Cully wou'd have them so: Nay, and the Wisest and the Best-dispos'd of us may be glad of a Warning 'Tis certain, they that bespeak and welcome this luscious Impertinence, must lie at the Mercy of it; but Men of Sense and Sobriety may be tickled

too, 'till they're taken, if they han't a care. When the Flattery's nauseous and palpable, he that does not perceive it, must be a Fool in grain. The more formidable Enemy, is the crafty unsuspected one: You'd best look to your self, or he'll certainly practice upon you. 'Tis a difficult matter to discover him: He'll start his Arguments and Objections against you twenty times in a day, and be making a Property of you all the while. He'll pretend to fall out with your Measures, when he's working his way into your Affections; for in the conclusion, he submits his Judgment, and gives up the Cause; and so he banters you into an Opinion, that you're considerably wiser than you thought you were. Now, he that's circumvented thus, must suffer lamentably in his Character; and therefore let every Man be upon his Guard; he may chance to be snapp'd else, as some body was pretty near it in the *Play*,——*Hodie me ante omnes, &c, Very good, Sir! — What! you'd have put upon me just now, wou'd you so! Yes, brought me off worse than an Old Wiseacre, in the Fifth Act! —* As really 'tis a very odd, ridiculous Character, that of some of your Antiquated heedless Humourists upon the Stage. But I have been Cruising long enough! A little while ago, my business was to consider the Nature of Friendship, as it holds among the Men of an entire Probity and a finish'd Wisdom; that is

to say, as entire (the one) and as consummate (the other) as Human Nature with its Infirmities admits : And now at last I find my self coasting 'ot'other side, upon the Conversation and Correspondences of Knaves and Fools. In good time therefore let's return to the matter of our first Meditations, and take our leave of that too with all convenient Dispatch. What, I say, young Gentlemen, 'tis *VERTUE*, and only *Vertue*, that can establish a solid Friendship at first, and then continue it; because the Uniformity and Consistency, steadiness and constancy of our Conduct is, wholly to be resolv'd into that. And first, *Vertue* presents her self to View, with all her Glories about her ; and when she has encounter'd her self in another Soul, she flies and fastens to it, and so the two Luminaries are Incorporated ; upon which *Coalition* there emerges that which we call (*Amor*) Love, or (*Amicitia*) Friendship. For both of them take their Derivation from *Amare* ; and *Amare* is neither more nor less than to love a Person, without proposing to serve our Occasions, or to make out our Fortunes by it : And such a Friendship as this will bring along with it all those Advantages, without a Man's further seeking. In this very Latitude, and upon these Terms, heretofore, when 'twas early Days with me, did I love and reverence those that were ready to go off. *Lucius,*

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lus, Marcus Cato, Caius Gallus, Publius Nasica, and *Tiberius Gracchus*, that was Father in Law to my departed Friend *Scipio*. The same Species of Friendship displays it self, and perhaps more openly and conspicuously, among Instances of an equal Age, as particularly between *Scipio* and my self; together with *Lucius Furius, Publius Rupilius,* and *Spurius Mummius*. And so, now 'tis my turn to be in years, I please my self extreamly in the good Favour and Friendship, that passes between me and my Juniors; to name no more than your selves, Gentlemen, and *Quintus Tubero*: Nay, you cannot imagine how happy I think my self in the Conversation of *Publius Rutilius,* and *Aulus Verginius*, as young as they are. Tho' after all, since such is the Result of Mortality, and the Condition of Humane Nature, that one Generation comes in Succession to another; a Man wou'd wish to *keep up* (as we say) with those that started with him, to the end of the Race. To be short; All our Interests and Concerns, as to this World, are however Uncertain, and Transitory; and therefore we shou'd do well to be always provided with such Acquaintance about us, as we can heartily love, and will as heartily love us. Let the Endearments of mutual Affection and Friendship, be banish'd once, and the Comfort of Life's at an end. *Scipio*, 'tis true, has obey'd a sudden

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Summons, but he lives notwithstanding, and he shall never die; at least not his *Vertue*, which was properly my *Confident*, and bears me Company still. And I am not the only Fortunate Man in this respect, as having been intimate with it all along; No, 'twill shine and sparkle and perpetuate it self to all Posterity. And whoever shall hereafter emerge into any of those Undertakings, that surpass an ordinary Strength, and a general Belief of their being Practicable, will, I am very sure, be resolv'd upon taking the Journal of *Scipio's* Life for his Direction, and the Model of *Scipio's* Character for his Imitation. To be free; I was never yet possess'd of that Advantage, either as to my Person, or my Condition in this World, which I look'd upon as comparable to the Blessing of *Scipio's* Friendship. It had such an Effect, that he and I never disagreed about *State-Affairs*; we were always assisting to one another in our Deliberations upon our *Private Concerns*; and we pass'd our Intervals and Vacations together with all the Satisfaction in the World. I never, upon any account, incurr'd his Displeasure that I know of; nor heard an Expression come from him that was unacceptable to me. The same Roof shelter'd us, the same Diet suited us, and the same Mess supply'd us. Whether in the Camp, upon a Journey, or at our *Villas*, we were always together.

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Not to take particular notice of our Joynt-Application to the Exercises of Learning and Philosophy ; when we cou'd, now and then, play Truant with the World, and enjoy a Comfortable Respit. Now all these things were so engaging, that really had it been impossible for the Impression and Remembrance of them to survive the Man, so dearly as I lov'd, and so nearly as I was Interested in him, I cou'd not even yet get over the loss of him. The best on't is, none of these Entercourses are dead with him; Nay the Recollection and Contemplation of them Enhaunces their Value and their Efficacy. Or however, if these Remains were taken out of the way too, 'twou'd still be a present Remedy; the Consideration of my *Age*; which assures me my Absence from my Friend, and consequently the Trouble it gives me shall be short; The sharpest Afflictions, one wou'd think, shou'd lose their Edge, since we know they can't be lasting. And so Gentlemen, I have done you Reason upon the Argument of Friendship. Let me conclude with an Admonition, and it is this, *That as there can be no such thing as Friendship unsupported by vertue, so you would reckon upon Vertue at the most, and Friendship as the next valuable thing upon Earth.*

STOICAL

S T O I C A L

Paradoxes.

I have frequently, *Brutus*, took notice of your Uncle *Cato's* way of striking off into Philosophical Common Places, ever and anon, when he has been speaking in the Senate-House, and how adequate and agreeable he would render them to the Capacity of all Parties, as distant as they seem to be from the Nature and Method of Judicial and Forensic Pleadings. And this was much more observable in him, than it would be in you and me; that Scheme of Philosophy we profess affording more Opportunities and a larger Field of Matter to speak upon, and carrying a great many Things in it agreeable to vulgar Opinions and Popular Notions: Whereas *Cato*, (if I understand him right) is a rigid *Stoick* and wedded to Principles which the Populace do not know what to make of; besides the Philosophers, of his Perswasion, have little

tle regard to the Rules and Ornaments of Eloquence, but are altogether for Brevity, and do their Business with their little Quirks and Queries, *like a Porcupine with his Quil*. And yet, after all, let a Proposition look as unconceivable as you'll imagine, there's a Power in *Words* that can give it a plausible Complexion; and 'though a Subject be never so rough and shapeless, an Orator knows how to burnish and beautifie it. And therefore being satisfied that so it is, as I tell you, I have ventur'd upon a more desperate Experiment than that Gentleman's. *Cato* try'd no further with his Stoicism than upon the common Heads of Magnanimity, Continnence, Death, the Excellency of Vertue, the Deities, and the Duty we owe to our Country; Twas upon these Topicks he exercis'd the Rhetorick. But I have been so bold as to divert my self with Paraphrasing upon such points as the *Stoicks* have much ado to make good among themselves, in their Schools and Privacies. These being what they call their *Paradoxes*, that is to say, Maxims that are very surprizing, and opposite to the common Opinion of the World, I had an Inclination to try whether they would bear Assertion and Proof abroad, in any of our Civil Courts; and whether one might not discourse as a Man of Letters and the long Robe too, at the same time, and then I lik'd my own Project so much the better, because I look upon those

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Paradoxes, as they call them, as *Socratick* Doctrines, and very certain Truths. Be pleas'd therefore to give my little Specimen (the Tribute of my shorter Nights) a kind Reception; as your Name shews it self in the Front of another of my Performances, that cost me many a long one: Here you'll have a Sample of the Method and the Management I follow, as often as I've Occasion to comment upon those Topicks which the Schools call *ΘΕΤΙΚΑ* (*Aphorisms*,) in an Oratorical or Declamatory way. By the by, you need not let every body have a sight of these Papers; I'm sensible they are far from a *Phidias's Minerva*, and will not bear being expos'd, as publickly as his Workmanship, to the View of the World. However, you'll easily find by them out of whose Hands they come.

V E R.

VERTUE is our only Good.

PERhaps, Gentlemen, you'll tell me what I insinuate is all meer *Cant*, which the *Stoicks* have lent me, and not any perswasion of my own Judgment. However, give me leave to communicate my Thoughts to you, tho' in a shorter Compass than the Considerableness of the Argument can well admit. There's Wealth, and Empire, and Lands, and Lordships, and Palaces, and Pleasures of all sorts that bewitch Mankind; I cou'd never apprehend, for my part, where's the Goodness and Significancy of these things, having constantly observ'd, that the Men who are best provided with them, find themselves of all others the most bare and destitute of those very Accommodations that lie so thick about them. Appetite and Avarice may be indulg'd, but can never be compleatly gratify'd and sated. Besides that the Fear of losing what they are already Masters of Torments, the poor Wretches as much as their Impatience for more. Upon which account I have often wonder'd at our Forefathers, those eminent Examples of

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Moderation and Modesty, that they should so far forget themselves, as to make the external Appendages of Fortune, so uncertain and insufficient as they are, to be (*Bona*) good in their Language, which they declar'd and prov'd to be otherwise in their *Lives and their Actions*. How can that which is good in itself, do us a Prejudice? Again; how can any Man be an Ill Man that has such a Variety of Goodness at Command? There's the Mistake; All these things that bear such a Price, there's no Body so Wicked, but may have a Property in them, and ruin Honest People with them. Well then: Let the World be as merry upon the Matter as it pleases: I'm resolv'd i'll be govern'd by right Reason, and Reality, and not by the Authority of Numbers: And when my Neighbour's Cattle's gone astray, or his Plate; I shall understand his Case better than to say he has lost any thing of *Value*. I'm sure I shall ever express a very high Esteem of *Bias's* Wisdom, that was one of the Seven Sages. When *Priene*, where he was Born, had fallen into the Enemy's Hands, and the Inhabitants upon quitting it, were every one bustling to carry off what they cou'd, a Fellow advis'd the Philosopher to secure his Effects, as he saw other People do; *Why do I neglect it?* (say'd 'tother,) *All that I have in the World I carry always about me.* It seems he was so far from reckoning upon these Bubbles.

bles of Fortune, as deserving the Title of *Good* which we give them, that he conceived he had no Interest nor Propriety at all in them. You'll say then; What is it at last must pass with us for *Good*? I answer, That every Wise and Honest, and Vertuous Action is properly a *good one*; and that which carries Prudence and Honour and Vertue in the Idea of it, That, and that only is *Good*. Perhaps you may not perfectly comprehend my meaning for want of an Instance or two to determine it. These Points are too nice and delicate to be handled in a meer speculative way; and the Conduct and Practices of considerable Men will set them in a clearer light. Answer me, Sirs, ingeniously; with Relation to those Predecessours of ours, that so happily and gloriously establish'd our Republick, and bequeath'd it entire to us their Descendants; Have they given you any grounds to believe they had so much of Avarice in them, as at all to value Silver or Gold? or that the Pleasures of Life, or the Gratifications of Sense had so much Influence upon them, as to turn their Thoughts to Circumstances of Ease and Softness, Rich Furniture, or High-feeding? Look a little into the Character of every one of our Kings. Suppose we begin with *Romulus*; or, upon the Government's being turn'd to a Common-wealth, with those that were the Authors of it. What were the
Wings

Wings that carry'd *Romulus* to Heaven? Any of that Trash which the World calls *good*? or his own Heroick Actions and Vertues? or shall we suppose the Gods were not as well pleas'd with *Numa Pompilius*, when he serv'd them in the Sacrifices, with Earthen Ware, as if it had been all Emboss'd Plate? 'Tis no matter for mentioning the rest of our Kings; There was none of them Inferiour to the rest except *Tarquin the Proud*. Ask *Brutus*, and his Associates, what it was that put them upon the Rescue of their Country; what it was they expected and aim'd at. Does any Man imagine their End was either Pleasure or Riches, or any thing else, but the Discharge of their Duty, as became Resolute, and Noble Patriots? What was it that prevail'd with *Mucius*, in so desperate a Manner to expose his own Life, that he might dispatch *Porfenna*? What supported *Horatius Coclès* upon the Bridge, a Single Man against the Impressions of the Enemies whole Army? Or how came the two *Decii*, Father and Son, to throw themselves into the Enemy's main Body, and devote their Lives in the Interest of their Country? What did *Fabrizius* mean by his Temperance and Severity? or *Curius* by his moderate and homely Meals? What cou'd be the Motive to the two *Scipios*, *Cneius* and *Publius*, that they should place their Bodies for *Ramparts*, to hinder the *Carthaginian*

man Army's coming on? What did the two
Africani? What did *Cato*, that liv'd in the
 times between them? What did a Thousand
 of our Country-men besides propose to them-
 selves? Is it Credible, that the Men of this
 Size shou'd esteem any thing worth their Am-
 bition in this World, but what they under-
 stood to be simply and abstractedly Great and
 Honourable? Now then, whosoever is pleas'd
 to flout and fleer at this Problem of ours, let
 him advance, and take his Choice, whether
 he will be in the number of those People that
 keep House in Marble, under Ceilings of Ivo-
 ry and Gold, with all their Statues, their Pi-
 ctures, Wrought-Plate, and *Corinthian* Manu-
 facture about them; or rather a *Fabricius*,
 that had none of these things, nor any In-
 clination to be troubled with them? How-
 ever, as for these Moveables and Material
 Accommodations, 'tis possible to convince
 some People that there's no real Goodness
 in them; but then they are obstinately as-
 sur'd, and maintain it with all their might,
 that Pleasure is our *Summum bonum*, our Prin-
 cipal Good. Now this is such a Tenet as our
 Cattle wou'd be Preaching up, if they cou'd
 speak, but out of the Mouth of a Man it
 sounds very remarkably. God and Nature
 have given me a Rational Soul, which is a
 Being of a very Advantageous Rank and Dig-
 nity, and carrys in it something Divine. And
 shall

shall I cheapen and discredit my Person to such a degree, as to put no manner of Difference between my self and my Beast? where's the Goodness of that thing which the Possessor himself is never the better for? 'Tis certain; The greater Share a Man has in that which is *Good*, the more is his Desert; and whatever's truly *Good*, authorizes the Proprietour to value himself upon it. What's all this to *Pleasure*? Does that improve a Man's Manners or Character? Is there any Body so Stupid, as to caress and distinguish himself upon the Merit of Sensuality? If therefore even Pleasure, guarded as it is with such a Multitude of Advocates and Admirers, cannot be allow'd to bear off the Denomination of *Good*; and if the more exquisite it is and Affecting, so much the more it enervates and disorders the Mind; the Consequence is clear, that a Satisfactory and a happy Life is one and the same thing with an Honest and a Virtuous one.

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The full Happiness of Life is compriz'd
in V E R T U E.

I cou'd never yet *make out* *Regulus's* Calamity, or Infelicity, or whatever you'll call it. For what did the *Carthaginians* do to him? 'Twas impossible their Malice shou'd reach his Soul. His Courage, his Seriousness, his Sincerity, his Constancy, in a Word; Every one of his Vertues defy'd them. His Body, 'tis true, was their Prisoner, but 'twas more than they cou'd do to reduce the Cittadel within, so strongly fortify'd and Garison'd, as it was with his Vertues. We know full well the Story of *Caius Marius* too. In my Opinion, that Gentleman was one of the most Fortunate Men in the World, whilst his Affairs succeeded; and one of the greatest when they fail'd: What cou'd a Man desire more? Let me tell you, good Sir, your'e in the Dark, and a perfect stranger to the Force and Power of *Vertue*. You look no farther than to the Name, and are quite unacquainted with the Strength and Substance of it. He that's rightly pois'd within, and has all his Interests contracted into himself, cannot avoid being
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the Happiest Man in the World. On 'tother hand ; He that stakes his Wishes and Hopes in Fortune's hands, and suffers her to govern every Counsel and Design, must be always unsecure, and uncertain, and cannot promise himself any one thing in his Possession shall stay with him Four and Twenty Hours. Where you meet with such a sort of Mortals as these, threaten them with Death or Banishment, and you'll scare the poor Creatures out of their Wits. That's nothing to me that am prepared to receive, not only without Reluctance, but even chearfully, the worst Returns the Ingratitude of my Countrymen can make me. To much purpose indeed I have bestow'd my pains ! and kept my Faculties awake and at work ; if I have not after all secur'd the main Chance, and so settled my matters, that neither the Levity of Fortune, nor the Malice of my Enemies shall be able to hurt me. You tell me, Death's the Word ; that is, *I must take my leave of this World* ; or perhaps my Sentence is Banishment, that is to say, *I must bid adieu to a very Wicked Part of it*. Those People indeed may well be startled at the News of Death, whose Expectations and Interests it will utterly defeat ; but to the Man that has render'd his Name and Reputation Immortal, 'tis nothing. And so again ; they that have set their Hearts as well as their Houses upon one spot

spot of ground ; must needs be dejected at the Sentence of Banishment ; not I, believe me, that know all the World to be but one Corporation. Yes, poor Man ! Your Circumstances are as favourable and flourishing as your Heart can wish ! Only you are ever and anon Confounded and Distracted with this Calamity and that Disappointment ! Only Night and Day, you smart under the Torture and Lash of your own Appetites ! for want of more than is come to your Hands, and and for fear of losing what you have ! That guilty Conscience of yours ! How it gripes and twinges you ? The Danger of Publick Justice and Restitution : How it oppresses and breaks your Spirits ? Your Frauds and your Violences, like so many Hags, how they haunt and harass you every Moment ? Upon the whole ; 'Tis equally impossible, that a Villain, a Fool, or a Coward, shou'd know what it is to be happy, as for a Good, a Wise, and a Brave Man, to be a Sufferer. His Character and Behaviour, deserve our best Thoughts and Commendations, and of consequence, so does his Life too ; and if we have all the Reason in the World to like it, it cannot be an unhappy one ; for then we shou'd be oblig'd to disapprove of it : Whence it follows, that nothing is worthy of our Wishes, or can constitute our Happiness, but what is the matter of Merit and Praise.

*All our Actions are equally either Good
or Ill.*

THE Mischief's inconsiderable, you say. It may be so, and at the same time the Misdemeanour Intollerable. 'Tis not by the Consequence or Event, but the Obliquity of a Practice, that we are to take measure of Men's Miscarriages. That which supplys the material or instrumental Cause of an Ill Action, may have Properties in it of a comparative Nature; but the badness it self of this or that Action, abstractedly understood, is *Absolute*, and the very same. If a Ship be lost through the Unskilfulness of the Pilot, the Value of the Cargo may be less or greater, as 'tis Gold or Chaff, Suppose; But that neither adds to, nor takes away from the Pilot's Ignorance. When a Man plays the Fool with a Common Jilt of the Town, the Parties concern'd in the Abuse are not so many, as if he had debauch'd a Young Lady of a good Fortune and Family; but still the Wickedness is *all one*. For *Sin* is nothing else but a *Deviation from the Exactness of a Rectitude, a Crossing, as*
'twere

'twere, upon a *Streight Line*. When you've once gone *aside*, you're a *Transgressor*; and afterwards, tho' you shou'd *strike out* even so far; you are out of the *right Road* no more than just when you had once quitted it. To Sin is to violate a Law that obliges all Mankind: Now that which is Unlawful renders us altogether Guilty, because it is Unlawful; so that if that admits of no Degrees of *Greater* or *Less*, (and it cannot do so, I say, because *Illegality*, in which all Sin consists, is always neither more or less than *Illegality*) of Consequence there can be no Inequality or Distinction between any of those Sins which are resolv'd into that *Illegality*. Again; if all Vertues are upon a Parity, 'tis certain all Vices must be so too. And what can be more Obvious or Evident than that all Vertues are perfectly Parallel and Equivalent? that a Good Man is not better than a Good Man? nor a Temperate Man more Temperate than a Temperate Man? nor a Heroe more than a Heroe? nor a Wise Man wiser than a Wise Man? How shall I vindicate his Honesty, that tho' he will not defraud his Neighbour of such a Sum as Ten Guineas, when he might cheat him without bringing the least Inconvenience upon himself, will serve him otherwise when 'tis a Sum of Ten Thousand! Where's that Man's Temperance or Modesty, that tho' he would not for the World be guilty of some particular

lar Instances of Luxury or Lewdness, indulges himself very freely in others? Vertue is always Vertue, adequately and entirely such, and holds a perpetual Uniformity, a constant Concurrence with the Principles and Dictates of Right Reason. The Nature of it is equally incapable of Diminution and Addition. That which is well and handsomely done, is done just as it shou'd be, and cannot be done better; and consequently the Excellency of that which is simply Good excludes the Amplification of *Better*. By which it appears, on 'tother hand; that those Depravities or perverse Habits of the Soul, which we call *Vices*, must be all of a *Size*. And forasmuch as *Vertuous Habits* cannot be Disproportionate; all those good Efforts and Actions, which result from them, must be of an equal Importance; And for the very same Reason too, all those Irregular or Wicked Actions, which spring from vicious Resolutions or Ill Principles. O! says my Adversary, the *Schools* taught you this Jargon. 'Tis well 'twas not the *Stews*! Old *Socrates*, you're sure, talk'd at this Rate. That's well again; For that same *Socrates*, as they tell me, was a very Learned, Wise Man,. But be that as it will: Only give me leave, Friend, to ask you a Question, and I hope I may do't safely, (as long as 'tis but a Skirmish, between us, of Words without Weapons) Whether we shou'd do well upon

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the matter of Intrinsick Goodness or Significancy, to consult Mechanicks and Plebeians, rather than Men of Letters? especially considering this Position of ours, over and above the Truth and Certainty of it, conduces as much to the best Purposes of Life, as any other whatsoever. How forcibly does it restrain us from allowing our selves in the most venial Faults; To be fully perswaded, that the least Breach of Duty is as heinous as the greatest? That 'tis a Crime as flagitious to do Violence to any one of our Fellow-Subjects, as to rebel against the Supreme Power it self? and that the Dishonour, and the Brutishness is all the same, if a Man abuses a Woman, whether she comes of a good or a mean Family? What say you, d'you make make no difference, whether I cut my Father's Throat or my Slaves? That's putting the Question in loose and general Terms: And we cannot give you a direct Answer to it, till 'tis better explain'd. If it holds in all Cases, that 'tis a horrid Thing for a Son to take away the Life of his Father, then must the *Saguntines* have been guilty of *Parricide*, who thought it their Duty to send their Parents out of the World, in a state of Liberty, rather than to let them survive the Loss of it. It seems, upon some Emergencies a Son may kill his Father Innocently enough! and yet so the Case stands very often, that it would be a Bloody Act of Injustice and

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Oppression in a Master to put his Slave to Death. The Rule of Distinction here, is not the Nature of the Thing, but the Concurrence of Circumstances; which, when they preponderate on either part of the Deliberation, carry the Cause that way; and when they support or favour one side no more than t'other, leave Matters even on both. But yet upon another Account there's a great deal of difference between a Man's killing his Slave and his Father. If he does an ill thing in the first, he does but one ill thing; whereas the last is an Aggregate or Complication of Injuries. 'Tis Barbarity towards the Person that begot me; and so again to him that fed and maintain'd me; to him that gave me my Education; to him that has fix'd me in my Mansion-house and Patrimony, and in the Rank and Station I hold as a part of the Community: 'Tis a great many Enormities in one single Act; and consequently the Punishments due to it ought to be severer in Proportion. Still in stating and observing the right Measures of Life, 'tis not our Business to banish the Degrees of Punishment and Guilt; but to examine into the Lawfulness or Unlawfulness of Practices; and we must by all means, have a care, that we do not look upon any thing that's Justifiable as less than Piacular and Flagrant. What! every little Trip? Yes, even the most Inconsiderable Trespas. The Nature and Qualities of Things

we cannot contract or circumscribe at our Pleasure; the Motions and Affections of our Souls we may. We hiss a Poor Actor off the Stage, if he throws a Leg or an Arm out of Figure, or happens to make a Verse a Foot too long, or too short. And shall any Man talk of *mangling* the Conduct of Life (a thing incomparably more delicate and Regular than the Carriage of the Body, or the Measures of Verse) only by *Syllables* or *Particles* as 'twere? I have nothing to say to a Poet when I see him trying his Compositions upon his Fingers; much less will I mind my Neighbours, when I catch them scanning over their Faults, and computing upon the Differences and Degrees of them. For what if theirs should happen to have less Malignity in them than some other Sins? They're utterly Inexcusable whatever they are; because every Action that's Irregular, is an Eruption into the right Exercise and Use of our Reason, and a breaking in upon the Course and Order of Nature; and when once we have trespass'd so far, our Guilt is Consummate.

People

People that are not so Wise as they should be ; All are Mad.

MAny a time, *Clodius*, I have consider'd thee, as a Fool ; and always as a Villain ; but now I'll demonstrate thee to be Raving-mad. The Mind of a Wise Man is guarded and arm'd with *Vertues*, profound Prudence and Precaution, Courage and Patience, Contempt and Defiance of Fortune, and a Thousand more : And cou'd you imagine'twas in your Power to Force or Subdue it ? to disfranchise or banish it ? What is it you call a Body Politick ? Is it every Riotous Convention of Thieves and Bravos ? a numerous Combination and Concourse of Rascally Fugitives and Felons ? You dare not say so. How then cou'd there be any such thing as a *Community* in *Rome*, when the Laws of our Constitution no longer took Effect ; when all Proceedings in our Judicatories were stopp'd when the Publick had lost its ancient Order and Establishment ; when the Magistrates were Dragoon'd ; and the *Senate* without a Name ? There was nothing of a *City* left ; as I take it, after you and your Rabble of *Ruffians* had

got Possession, and authorized your selves to commit what Outrages you pleas'd, and the Remainder of *Catiline's* Tempestuous Faction had Rally'd and Recover'd themselves, under the Banner of *Clodius's* Rebellion, and Enthusiasm. So that really my Enemies had it not in their Power to send me out of the *City-Liberties*, because at that time there was no such Thing; tho' my Friends might and did recal me *thither*; that is to say, after the Government had again got a Consul and a Senate at the Head of it, which had been missing some time before: And when the People had recover'd the Liberty of their Voices, and their Freedom of Election, and *Equity* and *Property*, (the very Cement of a Body Politick) reviv'd. The Measures you took against me, let me tell you, as Severe and Violent as they were, had no other Effect upon me, but to make me smile. I knew very well your Design was to do me all the Mischief you cou'd, and you did so; but yet I never found your Malice cou'd *reach* home to me. You pull'd down my Walls indeed, and set Fire to my Dwelling-House, and concluded, no question, that you were all the while Burning and Breaking-down what belong'd to me. But you were mightily mistaken; For neither I, nor any Body else can be *Master* of of any thing that may be taken from us, or lost to us. I own it wou'd have been a mortal

mortal Stroak, had you been able to Sequester that Sovereign Privilege of my Soul, its Constancy and Security, or to extinguish the Merit of all that Sollicitude, Vigilance, Precaution, and Prudence, of which, in spite of all your Opposition, the good Effect has been, that the Government stands upon its Legs at this Day. - Cou'd you have stifled the Glory and the Reverence which the perpetual Obligation I have hereby laid upon my Country-men, has entail'd upon my Memory for ever ; much more cou'd you have extorted from me that Soul, which properly and immediately manag'd and compass'd the great Affair, you had ruin'd me indeed. But then, since you neither did, nor were able to hurt me in this Part, your Insults and Inhumanity, were a great deal too weak to render my Retreat Afflicting, tho' they conduc'd very much to the Felicity and Triumph of my Return. Thus it appears, I was never otherwise than a *Roman Citizen* ; and then more especially and eminently so, when the Senate were pleas'd to recommend me, under the Title of *a most worthy Patriot* ; to the Protection and Favour of remote Provinces, and Foreign Countreys. What are you then at this very time ? a Citizen ? It cannot be, at least, unless you'll make no difference between a good Subject and a Publick Enemy ; or stile a Man the latter from the accidental Circum-

stances of *Place* and *Birth*, rather than from his *Practices and Principles*. You were the Man that butchered your Countrymen in the Face of the *Forum*; that garrison'd the Temples with Moss-Troopers, and burnt promiscuously. Private Gentlemen's Houses, and the Sacred Edifices down to the ground, Yes indeed! You and *Spartacus* were just Loyal Subjects alike! You only destroy'd the Government; What then? You knew the way, no doubt, how to be a true Part of it, and an honest Cavalier all the while. And I must be called what you really were, an Exile! and if I was so, 'twas the general Opinion that the Republic bore me Company. Delirious Wretch! Is thy Mind in such a desperate condition, that thou'lt never be able to bethink thy self again? never more consider what you do or say? One wou'd think you might know Banishment is the Portion of a Criminal, ; or else can you be ignorant on 'tother Hand, that it was my most meritorious Services to the Publick that occasion'd that Journey? Your Hardy, Profligate, Incorrigible Villains, such as the Law consigns to Transportation, and such as you are so Proud to have one and all, at your Devotion, these while they maintain their Ground, are nevertheless, *Exiles* in spite of their Teeth. The Constitution has made you all so; and you can't help your selves. Tell me pray; Is it not a Breach of the Peace
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to walk the Streets *Arm'd*? And then remember whose Dagger was found at the very Door of the Senate-House. If he's a Malefactor, and a Publick Enemy that kills a Man, or fires a House, or seizes the Temples? What are you that have committed so many Murders? Burnt the *Mosques* of the *Nymphæ*? and Encamp'd upon the Sacred Pavement of the *Forum*? But to what end and purpose do I trouble my self to prove you an *Exile*, according to Law, upon such a Variety of Indictments? when, you know, your own best Friend (*Quintus Cornificius*) doom'd you to Banishment in behalf of the good People of *Rome*; if you shou'd presume to intrude into the *Mysteries* of the *Bona Dea*; Which you did for all that, and are always boasting of it. You see, upon how many Statutes you stand Impleaded, and Condemn'd to quit your Countrey; and does not the Word *Exile* scare you out of your Wits? No, no: You were in Town all the time! Yes, and some part of it too, in the Solemn Privacies aforesaid. In a Word, 'tis clear, a Man that ought to be elsewhere in Course of Law, is out of his Country, tho' *his Person* continues in it.

E S

Every

Every Wise Man's in a State of Liberty; and every Fool's a Slave.

— **H**ere we shall have some *Emperour* or other putting in for his Panegyrick: at least challenging his Title; and pressing his Pretensions to it. And yet the Poor Man's not Master of his own Appetites and Inclinations; how then can he pretend to exercise his Authority at least, over Free-born Citizens? Let him learn to set due Bounds to his own Desires, to be Proof against Pleasure, to moderate his Passion, and suppress his Resentments, to bridle his Avarice, and subdue all the other disorderly Emotions of his Soul: And when he has rescu'd himself out of the Clutches of the worst of Masters, Vices and Corruptions; then, and not till then, let him think he's in a Condition to govern other People: For as long as he's under the Direction of these Importunities, he's so far from being *his Imperial Majesty*, that he has nothing to do even with *Liberty and Property*. The Learned
and

and Philosophical Part of Mankind; (and believe me, were I talking to an Illiterate Audience, I should hardly appeal to them; but having the good Fortune to be heard by Men of Understanding, well-acquainted with the meaning of these Maxims, I know no Reason that shou'd induce me to conceal my Proficiency in their Exercises, the Learned ones, I say, have a Rule, *That every Body that is not a Wise Man is a Bond-slave.* Indeed what is the true Notion of Liberty! Is it not a Qualification and Privilege to live according to our own Contentment and Wish? And how shou'd any Man live so, that is not true and constant to all honest and ingenuous Purposes, that has not well-weigh'd and determin'd himself to the best Measures and Conduct of Life, that does not make his Duty his Pleasure, and submit to the Authority of his Honours, and the Laws of the Constitution, not out of Fear, or because he can't help himself, but with Alacrity and Zeal, and a generous, hearty Regard to the Publick Peace and Welfare; that speaks and acts, and thinks without Confinement or Restraint; that works all his Deliberations and Resolutions and Management out of himself, and brings them home to his own Circumstances and Ends; that will be sway'd by nothing but his own good Meaning, and free Sense of things; and baffles that which is too hard for other Peo-

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ple the Malice and Tyranny of *Fortune*, and which a very understanding Poet observes, *is this or that, according to the Model and Complexion of every ones Mind and Manners*. Upon the whole, 'tis a Privilege proper and peculiar to the Wise Man, that he never does any thing with Aversion, Reluctance, or Constraint. I might enlarge upon the Proof and Illustration of this Proposition; but I think 'tis evident enough by this time, without more adoe, *That no Body's sui Juris, and at his own Direction, 'till he's thus Dispos'd and Resolv'd*. It follows, that every Wicked Man's a Slave. The *Expression* perhaps may surprize and puzzle you; and yet the *Matter of Fact* is plain and notorious. NoBody supposes that this Subjection and Bondage of Ill Men, as such, is really and properly the same with theirs, whose Persons are by Purchase and Law, the Property and Chattels of their Masters: That's not the meaning. There is another sort of Servitude; the Vassalage and Captivity of the Mind, when 'tis enervated and dissolv'd, and has lost its Indifference, and Liberty of Choice and Assent. Can any Body Question whether Voluptuaries, Time-servers, Worldlings, and all other Disorderly People, of what Class, or Denomination soever, are in a State of Slavery? Where are that Man's *Immunities*, that's wholly in the Hands of a Woman? that must govern himself just as she pleases, precisely as she

she Directs, Requires, Commands, or Pro-
 hibits ? that has not the Power to refuse
 his Compliance with whatever she signifies to
 be her Will and Pleasure ? She must have this
 and that and 'tother ; Presently 'tis hers. He
 must come away, at her Summons, be gone a-
 gain, at a Word, and fall into Fits, at her
 Frown. Such a Miserable Mortal as this,
 whatever his Extraction and Quality may be, is
 in my Opinion, a *Vile, a Sordid Slave*, and ought
 to go for such. The Domesticks and Servants
 in a large Family, have, some of them, more
 Creditable Offices than others, and superin-
 tend their Inferiours ; but yet, whatever
 they may think of themselves, are *Servants*
 too. And so are the Poor Gentlemen, their
 Masters ; as many of them as lay out all their
 Money and their Admiration upon Statues,
 Pictures, Plate, Magnificent Buildings, and
 Foreign Workmanship. How ! We, say
 they, that are at the very top of the Go-
 vernment ? Yes, you that are no better than
 your own *Fellow-Servants at home*. 'Tis all
 a Case whether a poor Fellow's employ'd to
 look after the Furniture and Fine Things a-
 foresaid, to keep them Clean and Bright, and
 in good Order, as much as that Province is
 below the Character of a Gentleman ; or whe-
 ther a Prime Minister of State sets his Heart
 upon them ; and is entirely Bigotted to
 them ; for this is the lowest Degree of
 Servility, imaginable, in Men of an Exalted
 Station,

Station, and Publick Influence. O, says one, I have been my Country's Champion, and Commanded her Armys, Administred her Authority, and Govern'd her Territories. And therefore, Sir, I beseech you take care to answer your Character in the Qualities of your Mind. Let but a Piece of *Ecbion's* Painting, or *Polycletus's* Carving make its appearance, and you are presently in an Extasie. Now without examining whence and which way you came by them, the Time, and Pains, and Expence of Spirits, which the Contemplation and Applause of them, stand you in, justifie my pronouncing you a Slave to the *Bawbles*. *Bawbles!* Why are they not very choice Curiosities? I don't deny it: Nay, and I have a Fancy too, and some skill that way. But let me advise you, not to over-rate them however; not to make an *Idol* of that, for a Man, which is a *Plaything* for a Child. What wou'd *Lucius Mummius*, (I beseech you) that despis'd and rejected all the Wealth of *Corinth*, were he to see a Fop caressing and dandling a *Corinthian* Chamber-pot, what wou'd he think of him? Wou'd he allow him to be an Honourable Member of the Community? or reckon the Man in the Rank of his own Menial Servants? Were *Manlius Curius* now living, or any of the rest that had nothing in their Houses, Great or Ornamental, besides their own Vertues, and shou'd happen to find one

of

of our Modern *Grandeess* at his Fish-ponds, drawing for Barbels, weighing and choosing them with his Hand, and making his Brags about the Encrease of his Lampreys; They wou'd certainly think his Mind and Circumstances too mean and slavish to set him above the Condition and Business of the *Fisherman in a Gentleman's Family*. Can any Body make a Question of it, whether that Man's a Vassal or a Bond-slave; that readily undergoes any the hardest Drudgery, and accepts the most unreasonable Impositions, in order to the making of his Fortune? Your *Catchers for Inheritances*, What Service or Submission is there so Scandalous and Base, that they'll boggle at it? Every Motion of the Old Childless Churl is watch'd, understood, and gratify'd; and to be sure 'tothers Notions always jump with his: Upon all Occasions and Turns, his Loving Friend's at his Service; he flatters and admires him, and will never be out of his Sight. Now this, I warrant you, is no abject Occupation, and a Man may attend upon't without abridging himself his liberty in the least! *Ambition* too, that generous and noble affectation, (as 'tis fancy'd to be) of preeminence and Power; What an Arbitrary, Insolent, Intollerable Tyranny does it exercise in the Soul? 'Twas this that made some People that run up their Pretensions of Quality and Authority as high as any, to truckle and resign themselves to such a notorious *Boutefeu*, as *Cetbegus*,

thegus; to send him Presents upon Presents,
 to give him their Attendance at all Hours
 of the Night; to Sollicit and Petition him
 too upon their Knees. If this be Liberty,
 and a Practice of pure Choice; What is it
 you call Servitude? And then after the
 Importunities of Appetite and Inclination
 are over, the Terrors of Conscience come on,
 and we must meet with harder Measure, and
 a much harsher Discipline than before. Every
 young Florid Practitioner of the Law,
 must be courted and retain'd at any Rate for
 fear of his Fluency? No Body knows how
 soon he may Feed against us! and so many
 People, at least as we suspect have any Suspicion
 of us, are absolutely our Masters, and may
 command us as they please. And besides,
 there's the Magistrate, the Dread of whose
 Authority perpetually haunts the Offender,
 and *pinions* up the Soul of him. Now to be al-
 ways in *Fear*, I suppose you'll allow is to be
 always a miserable Slave. And if so, What
 becomes of *Lucius Crassus's* Eloquence, as we
 find it exerted in a very Rhetorical Unphi-
 losophical Oration of his? *Eripite nos ex Ser-*
vitute, says he, *We beseech you, Gentlemen, re-*
scue us from Arbitrary Power and Oppression —
 What? Is this Honourable Person in bad
 Hands! Yes, undoubtedly a meer Slave, if
 Jealousies and Fears, Dejection and Coward-
 ize can make him so. *Nolite sinere nos cuiquam*
servire,

servire, Never let it be say'd you suffer'd our Liberties and Properties to be at any Man's Disposal. One wou'd think he desir'd they shou'd be secur'd to the right Owner; if 'twere not for the next Words—*Nisi vobis Universis*; But solely and absolutely to yours. It seems Liberty is not the Case with him; Only he'd be glad of a new Master. He goes on, *Quibus & possumus, & debemus* : To your Discretion we submit our Selves, as we have power, and as we ought to do ——— Say you so? But there are others in the World of Souls more Exalted and Masculine, and Pregnant with every kind of Vertue, that will tell you they neither can nor ought to do so. You can however, and you may publish it as much as you please, but have a care of the Word *ought*; because no Body ought, or is under an Obligation to render to any Man what Equity and Reason don't challenge. Enough of this! I shall only tack a Word or two more to the Premises, entreating that same *Emperour* we begun our Digression with, to consider how 'tis possible he shou'd be what he's call'd; when by the Suffrage of right Reason, and in the Eye of Truth, he has not the least Advantage of an ordinary *Slave*.

Every

Every Wise Man, and no Body else is Rich.

WHat's the meaning, Sir, of computing your Sums at this Rate, and all your Huffing and Bragging upon the Merit of your Money? Is there no Body in good Circumstances but you? So it shou'd seem truly, and a very happy Man am I, no doubt that have the good Fortune to know it! Strange indeed! The World has never a Rich Man in't but your self! And what will you say now if you are not a *Crasus* neither? Nay, what if your'e a very Beggar? For do we mean any thing or not when we talk of such a ones being Rich? What are the Conditions then requir'd to entitle him to that Character? All the Notion I can frame to my self of him is this, That he has a Competency, and lives upon it happily and handsomely, without craving and drudging after more. 'Tis not the Bulk of your Fortune, nor the common Language of the World, that can make a Rich Man of you, but the Sense and Perswasion of your own Soul. When you have convinc'd your self that your'e in want of nothing; when you

find

find your self fill'd up, or at least satisfy'd with what's already in your Hands, and grasp at no more; then I'll own you a *Wealthy Man*! But instead of this, you are so hot and eager upon the Business of *Getting*, that in spite of the *Serial Dignity*, which ties you up from following any Mercenary or Lucrative Employment, tho' even Honest and Unexceptionable in it self; you stick at no Arts or Practices, let them be never so Foul or Shameful, that will bring Money into your Coffers; If you spend all your time in Tricking and Couzening, in making hard Bargains and Demands, and in Extortion and Rapine; If nothing wou'd serve your turn but you must Fleece the Subject, and drain the Publick Treasury; If you lie upon the Catch for *Executorships*, and study ways to *bring them on* with Expedition, over and above Falsifications of Hands, and Forgeing of Wills; I appeal to all the World, whether such *Shifts* as these are the Marks of Prosperity and Opulence; Nay, whether they be not Evidences of an indigent and necessitous Condition. 'Tis not your Purse but your Mind that's properly the Seat and Residence of your Cash. Your Bags may be cram'd as full as you please; and what are you the better for't with Deficiencies in your Soul? At least, unless we are mistaken in our Definition, *That he's a Rich Man who has as much as he has Occasion for.* If I have a single Daughter,

ter, she'll expect a *Portion* ; and if I have two or three of *Danaus's* Number, as we say, they must all be provided for, and that will require a Fund proportionably larger to make it answer our Idea of *Riches*, as aforesaid. Now then, setting aside his Numerous Issue, let us suppose the Man encompass'd with a Crowd of Irregular, Profuse, Insatiable Appetites ; How can I possibly be perswaded that the World goes well with him, when for his own part, he feels and confesses himself bare and destitute ? How often have you Sir, been heard to say, that 'tis Nonsense to fancy any Man *Rich*, 'till he's able to maintain a Standing Army at his own Charge ; that is to say, 'till a Single Person can do as much as *Rome*, with all her Revenues and Imposts, has hitherto found it a pretty difficult Matter to compass. So then, you are like to be a Money'd-Man in time ! When you can afford to keep a Hundred Thousand Men in Pay ; and is not this a very fair Discovery of your own Poverty ? For so it must be till you have extended your Capacity and Estate, to the length of your Aims and Occasions. Accordingly, you have always given the World the clearest Proofs imaginable, of the narrowness of your Circumstances, I should rather say of your extreme Distress and Beggary. 'Tis plain enough in the Case of Merchants and Tradesmen, Publick Notaries and Clerks,

av Clerks, Officers and Farmers of the Cu-
 ay toms, &c. that they follow their Business
 wil to get them Livelyhoods and Estates by it.
 ak And wou'd not any one that considers you at
 id home with all your Informers, Knights of the
 ue Post, Judges of the Courts, and Oracles of
 the Law about you ; and the Criminals (that
 Ap have Money enough) making use of your In-
 ed terest and Assistance, to divert the Course and
 ner Execution of Justice ; besides your Bargain-
 m ing with your Clients over your Breviates.
 ou Your engaging at Canvasses and Elections, for,
 ce the Payment of Bribes ; your Commissioning
 in the Free-holders to raise Exactions and Con-
 e tributions upon the Provinces ; your dispos-
 do sseing and expelling of your next Neighbours,
 nd your committing the Country Gentlemen to
 ult the House of Correction ; Your Intimacys and
 to Combinations with all sorts of People ; Free-
 an men, Clients, nay Servants and Slaves too ;
 in Your Sequestrations and Proscriptions ; not
 ry forgetting the Burroughs and Corporations
 ill that were Plunder'd and Ruin'd and Massa-
 ce, cred, and the *lucky Bargains* you got in *Scylla's*
 as. Reign ; the Wills you have Counterfeited, and
 he the Lives you have disposed of ; and the
 ne Markets you have made of every thing,
 d before you ; as of your Civil and Military
 g- *Commissions*, (either by granting or stopping
 r- them) Decrees and Sentences, *For*, or *A-*
 d *gainst*, *in Favour of the one, or Prejudice of 'to-*
 s, *ther ;*

ther; Of the Publick Sphere of your Business, or the Private; of speaking or holding your Tongue: I say, would not any one that's acquainted with all these Things, attend to 'em as so many Demonstrations of this very thing; *That the Party concern'd has his Fortune to make?* yet, that he's somewhat at a Loss for want of Conveniences? And how then can he be call'd a Rich Man without a Solecism? The Result of Riches is Affluence and Plenty; and the Consequence of that, Content and Satiety; Now this you must never expect to come to, and therefore set your Heart at rest; you can never be a Rich Man. As for my own Concerns in the World, other People reckon them a Competency, and I value them as a sufficient and handsome Subsistence, but you (as you have reason to do) make a Blank of the whole: And therefore I shall say nothing of any Body's Matters but yours. Let us come to the Point, and set one thing against another. For Example; Which shall we think the most valuable Treasure of the two? the Sum of Money that was offered *Fabricius* by *Pyrrhus*, or *Fabricius's* Command of himself in refusing it? the Gold of the *Sammites*, or *Curius's* Answer to them? *Lucius Paulus's* Estate, or *Africanus's* Generosity, that quitted his Share in't to his Brother *Quintus Maximus*? All such Actions as these are the certain Issue of Vertuous and Honourable Principles, and there-

therefore are incomparably more Excellent
 than any Advantages of Wealth whatsoever.
 So that if the Worth and *Appraisement* of a
 Man's *Effects*, be the Rule we are to judge by
 of his Condition and Circumstances; 'tis cer-
 tain, the Best, and the most Vertuous Men
 must, as such, be the Richest; because the best
 Metals, fall infinitely short of Vertue in their
 Intrinsic Value and Significancy. But the
 most astonishing Paradox of all, (to take my
 leave of *Avarice*, and turn to the Subject of
Extravagance) is this that the World shew'd to
 be so ignorant of the Emolument, and Impor-
 tance of *Frugality*, *What a noble Estate 'tis?* This
 or that Man's Patrimony's worth so many
 Thousands a year to him; Mine brings me in
 a Hundred Pound or two. Here's *such a one*
 must have his *Villas* Roof'd and Fetter'd
 with Gold; and his Floors of Marble,
 and never knows when he has enough of
 Pictures, Imagery, Furniture, and Foppery;
 And where's the Wonder if his Rents are
 too little to satisfy his Curiosity, or his Cre-
 ditors? In the mean time I, that make an
 inconsiderable Figure, and deny my Appet-
 ites the Command of my Purse-strings, have
 always something over and above to lay up at
 the Years end. And whether of the Two is
 the Richer Man I beseech you? He that has
 more than enough, or he that has not so much?
 He that's Over-Stock'd, or he that's Behind
 hand in the World? He that with greater Pos-
 sessi-

sessions must be at a greater Trouble and Ex-
 pence to keep things in good Order and Re-
 pair; or another Man's Competency, that
makes out it self? To give you no further
 Trouble about my own *particular*, because
 'tis a strange perverse World we live in, and
 I will not pretend to have cleaverly escap'd
 the general Infection; There was *Marcus*
Manilius, not an Hundred Years ago, (be-
 sides the other Instances I'm so fond of, as
Curius, Luscinus, &c.) This Gentleman, you'll
 say, look'd like a *Decay'd one*; because for-
 sooth! he kept House in the Out-skirts of the
 Town; and had no other Estate but his Farm
 at *Labicum*. Now the Question is, whether we
 that have more than *Manilius* are for that Rea-
 son Richer than he was; I'm sure, I wish we were.
 But it must be remember'd, that a Man's Sub-
 stance is by no means to be rated from the
 Total of his Income, but according to his
 manner of Living, and his Choice of Accom-
 modations. There's Principal and Interest in
not being Covetous, an Inheritance in Frugality;
 and *Content* is a longer and a surer Treasure
 than the Wealth of Kingdoms. Your Bailiffs
 and People that understand Purchases, pre-
 fer some sorts of Meadow-ground, and Pa-
 stures to any other Land whatsoever; because
 they run the least Hazard in them: How pre-
 cious and profitable a *Purchase* is *Vertue* then,
 which neither Force nor Fraud can deprive us
 of;

of; neither Floods nor Flames can injure; neither the Inclemencys of the Seasons nor Alterations of the Times can change or Corrupt? They that have this within them are truly Rich Men, and only they; 'Tis peculiar and confin'd to them, the Property of a most Fertile and Durable Provision; They alone carry that about them which is always the *Certificate* of a Man's good Circumstances, *Contentment*; They are never craving nor Complaining; They are convinc'd they have enough; They want no more, and they seek no further. 'Tis otherwise with the Incurable and Insatiable part of Mankind; There's nothing they call their own, but is liable to a Thousand Miscarriages and Revolutions; besides that they are continually upon the Scent, and the Chase, and to this very Day, there never was a Soul of them that knew when to give over: Upon the whole; they have so weak a Title to the Character of Thriving and Wealthy People, that we have all the Reason in the World to reckon them *the greatest Objects of Charity*.

K SCIPIO's

SCIPIO's Narrative
OF HIS
DREAM.

IT being my Fortune to Quarter in *Africa*, (you all remember the Time) when I went thither in Quality of a *Lieutenant-General*, under the Consul *Marcus Manlius*, I was very Ambitious to go and pay my Duty to King *Masinissa*; A Prince that had receiv'd some Obligations from my Family, and was always Cordially and Entirely our Friend. His Majesty then adorn'd with all the venerable Characters of Age, no sooner knew me, but he took me in his Arms (upon which we both burst into Tears) and after he had a little recollected himself, fixing his Eyes toward Heaven, O thou Sovereign Luminary, and all ye Cœlestial Powers that shine
above !

above! from my very Soul (said he) I acknowledge this mighty Blessing, the Happiness now vouchsaf'd the poor Old Man before he goes off! Publius Cornelius Scipio in my Dominions, and within the Walls of my Palace! Methinks the very mention of that Name makes me young again; 'Tis my daily Meditations upon the Memory of that best of Men, and greatest of Conquerors, that keeps me still alive. At length, we turn'd the Discourse; I was very inquisitive about the Posture of Affairs in his Kingdom, and he was pleas'd to examine into the State and Condition of our Government at Home. And so we continu'd communicating our Notions about this thing and that, 'till the Close of the Evening; when I receiv'd the welcome of a Royal Entertainment, and afterwards we sat together and spent good part of the Night in Talk, his Majesty beginning and ending with the Story of *Africanus*, and recollecting not only all that he did, but all the Remarkable things he said too. At last we retir'd to our Lodgings, and what with my Journey and sitting up so long, I dropt into as found a sleep as ever I did in my Life. In the Depth of this Repose I saw methought, *Africanus* before me; I know no Reason why, unless it was, because he had been the Subject of our Conversation, as 'tis very usual to dream of what we have dwelt upon, either in our Thoughts or Words, in the Day-time; which

by the way, puts me in mind of *Ennius's* Dream about *Homer*, and himself, resulting, no doubt, from his frequent Contemplations upon, and Conversations concerning him, when he was awake. However it came about, *Africanus* presented himself; for tho' I was too young when he dy'd, to retain any Notion or Remembrance of his Person, yet I was very well acquainted with the best Pictures and Statues of him. Such an unexpected Object put me into a Consternation; At which he bad me take Courage. Come, *Scipio*, say'd he, Dismiss your Fears, and lay up in your Memory the Particulars I am now going to communicate. And just then, methought, we were standing up a great way in the Heavens, in a very bright and glorious Region, crown'd with Stars. D'you see (says he pointing-down upon *Carthage*) that City yonder, which heretofore I had the happiness to render obedient and tributary to *Rome*! But, it seems, she has unsheath'd the Sword of War again, and knows not when she's well; and 'tis upon that errand you are come into *Africa* to serve your Countrey (a Commander before your time) in the Reduction of *Carthage*; in order to which you shall rise to the *Consulship* within these two Years, and then you shall effectually demolish her Walls, and so, beside the title of Inheritance, carry the Distinction of *Africanus*, the accessional Right of your own Merits

Merits and Atchievements. After you have level'd those Walls, and your Success has been honour'd with a Triumph, and you have Discharg'd the Duty of the *Censorship*, and accomplish'd all that ample Deputation which you shall be sent upon into *Egypt*, *Syria*, *Asia*, and *Greece*, you shall be Created a second time *Consul*, and that without your own Appearing for it, and before you are out of your Office, you shall finish a Rivalship of the greatest Consequence and lay *Numantia* in Dust and Ruins. Upon this occasion, you shall ride again in your Triumphal Chariot to the *Capitol*, and at that very time you shall have a certain seditious Grandson of mine at Work upon his Project of Anarchy. This is your nice Juncture, *Africanus*; the Critical Season when you are to give your Countrey the Welcome Demonstrations of the Greatness of your Soul and the Depth of your Wisdom. I will not say, What shall be the Issue of this Turn of affairs. Only thus much you may depend upon, that at what time the Sun shall, from the Year of our Nativity, have advanc'd Eight-Times-Seven of his Annual Revolutions, which two Numbers, (the one as well as the other, for special and peculiar reasons, Adequate and Perfect) are the appointed Epocha of your Life; the Republick shall be under a necessity of referring itself wholly to the auspicious Name and Person of *Africanus*: the Eyes of the Senate and all the Worthy Citizens, of the *Latins* and all the

Allies of *Rome* shall be fixt upon you ; the Subsistence and safety of the Government shall be centred in you ; to be short, there will be a necessity of investing you with a Dictatorial Power to keep things together ; that is to say, if you can be so happy as to defeat the cursed Malice and Machinations of your own Kindred against you. — *At this part of the Story Lælius express'd a loud Concern and the rest of the Company fetch'd a Dismal groan ; Scipio, for his part, with an easy Smile desir'd them not to break the Pleasure of his Dream.* No more of that, says he, and you shall hear how he went on — In the next place, *my Africanus*, be assur'd of this one thing, which will Prove a mighty Encouragement and support to you in your Prosecution of the Cause of the Republick, and your Assertion to her Liberties ; That whosoever has been active and instrumental in preserving his Countrey or promoting her Interest, cannot miss of a determinate Residence or Station here above, where he shall live for ever in a perpetual Circle and Succession of Felicity ; the First and Supream Being whose Providence directs and governs every thing in all this prodigious Universe, having a more immediate Consideration and Regard to those Combinations and Communities of Mortals, rightfully and legally establish'd, which we call *Bodys Politick and Corporations*, than for any other of your private

vate and inferiour Interests or Concerns before. And as it is from this very Place that the great Fathers and Defenders of those Societies are sent down; so hither in good time they reascend. And here, as much as his Prediction had just before disorder'd me, not so properly with Fear at the sight of my Destiny, as Astonishment and Horrour that my own Relations shou'd conspire against my Life, I had yet presence of mind enough to enquire whether himself and *Paulus* my Father, and several others suppos'd to be Dead long ago, were still alive. Most certainly, say'd he, the *Living* Part of Mankind are in reality. They that have obtain'd their Discharge and are no longer in close Custody of Flesh and Blood: and the *Life* that your People lead and call so, is a State of *Death*. But see there! Your Father approaches you. I saw him presently and receiv'd him with a shower of Tears. And he, on t'other hand, clasp'd me in his arms, and kiss'd me, and bad me not weep. Which Command so soon as I had power to obey, and found myself in a condition to speak, What is the Reason, (sa'd I) O thou Blessed, thou venerable Soul of my Father; Why, since there's no such thing as *Life* but here (as *Africanus* has now told me) your Son should be oblig'd to stay longer below? Wou'd it not be better to take the ready road and force my way to you? Have a care! says he, there's no hope

of your getting hither unless you wait contentedly within that Cage of yours you carry about you, till your Dismission comes from that Deitie whose Presence consecrates all this wide, stupendious Temple you see your self every way surrounded with. For this is the Pleasure and Intention of the Deity in the Formation and Continuation of Mankind, that they should have the Tenure and Wardship of that little *Ball* you observe yonder, just in the Centre of this Temple, the same which you call the *Earth*. Now every one of these Mortals has a Mind or Soul darted into his Composition out of the Substance of those Eternal Luminaries which you mean by the name of *Stars*; being so many Globular Bodies, actuated and illuminated with Divine Intelligences or Spirits, and performing all their Periodical Courses and Progressions with a wonderful Expedition. And therefore, my *Publius*, you and all good Men, as they will answer that Character, are oblig'd to be chearful and easy under the *Soul's* Durance and Confinement; and not to forsake their Prison 'till the Authour of their Immortal Beings shall fetch them out; as they mean to escape the Guilt and Charge of quarreling the Lot and abandoning the Post which Providence has assign'd them. All you have to do, *Scipio*, is what your Grandfather here, and I your Father have done before you; punctually and religiously to acquit yourself in
the

the several great Duties of Justice and Piety; as particularly that Piety which has for its Object either the Persons or Memory of Parents and Relations; but yet agen more especially that which is owing to the Publick. This is the ready way to Heaven, to the Place and Condition of all these happy Souls that have done with t'other Life, and serv'd-out the Bondage of their Bodies, and are now Inhabitants of this Region before you, which, among you *Romans*, has the name of the *Milky Way*, as 'tis the *Galaxy* with the *Greeks*. Now this was a very clear and radiant Zone or Circle of dazling Constellations; which, as I stood in it, represented the whole Prospect; wherever I turn'd my Eyes, to all imaginable advantage. There were Stars to be seen, which never any Man discern'd at this distance, and every one of them too of an incredible Magnitude; the least of all was that which borrows its Beams, in the hithermost Extremity of Heaven, and the nearest of to all the Body of the Earth; the Compass and Bulk of which was by no means comparable to the Dimensions of any of those Stars; and indeed the Whole of it appear'd so very Diminutive, that the Extent of our mighty Empire look'd like a Flea-Bite, and made me almost asham'd of it. However I could not but view it very earnestly; which *Africanius* taking notice of; What! says he; will nothing divert your Thoughts from that Lump

of Clay? Look about you and observe the sacred Structure of this vast, Magnificent *Dome* you're ascended to. 'Tis distributed into Nine several Orbs or Spheres. The Terminating or Highest is the *Cæstial* properly so call'd; inclosing the rest; and, like the Sovereign Deity, holding them together in good Order and Oeconomy; and in it is the Seat of the Fixt Stars pursuing their eternal Journey. Under This there are seven Orbs that rowl in a Motion contrary to that of the Sphere above them. The first belongs to the Planet which among your Philosophers goes by the name of *Saturn*. *Jupiter*, whose Lustre and Influence is so salutary and propitious to you Mortals, is the next. And after him is the Fiery Star of *Mars* no less malignant on t'other hand, and prejudicial to the Interests of Mankind. Somewhat lower, about the Midmost Region, the *Sun* displays itself, the Governour, as'twere, the great Monarch and Conductour of the rest of the Planets, the very Soul of the World and Principle of all Physicall Maturation and Concoction, so large that it diffuses its Light and Vigour through the Universe. The two next in the grand Procession are *Venus* and *Mercury*, and these almost keep Time with the *Sun*. The last and lowest of the Seven is the Region of the *Moon* where she moves in the Reflexion of her Brother's Rays. All that's Beneath, discounting only the Rational Souls

Souls of Mankind communicated to them immediately from Heaven, and is nothing else but a Scene of Mortality and Change ; as Higher 'tis all Perpetuity and Eternity ; the *Earth*, which is the Ninth *Division* of the World hanging, under the rest, in the Middle, where it abides without Motion, the Receptacle and Harbour of all Pondirous Bodies. As I was traversing this *Prospect* with earnest Attention and Admiration, I beseech you, Sir, (say'd I, recovering my self) What may this Musick be, that sound so loud in my Ears, and yet so Melodiously ? 'Tis a Variety of *Divisions*, (say'd he) Distinct and Just, according to the Rules and Measures of an exact Proportion, (the Composition of the Lighter and Shriller with the Graver Notes effecting out of different and disagreeing sounds a smooth equal Harmony) and it results from the Motions and Impressions of the Spheres. For 'tis impossible such Bodies as these should be carry'd with such a Motion, and make no noise. And 'tis in the very nature of Musick that the two Extremities of the Instrument must return opposite sounds, the one a *Flat*, the other a *Sharp*. Accordingly the sound that's supply'd by the motion of the Sphere of the Fixt Stars, which is the Swiftest of all, is a shrill Treble ; and that of the Moon Yonder at the Bottom a Deep Bass. The *Earth*, in the mean time, the ninth and last Part in the Distribution, is true to its Place, the Centre of the Universe, where it flays

stays without any manner of Motion. The Rotation of these Eight Spheres, two of which, those of *Mercury* and *Venus*, have an equal Force or Efficacy, creates a Symphonie that runs upon a regular Scale of Seven distinct and distant Sounds; and the Perfection of the Universe as well as of almost all the Parts of it respectively, is wound-up into this very Number. Accordingly Men of Learning and Art have observ'd the same Order and Variety in their Musical Exercises, as well of the Voice as the Instrument, and the Merit of their Improvements has brought them agen to this Place of their Original as a great many others have been recall'd and reinstan'd; Men of extraordinary Qualifications and Abilities, after they have employ'd them long enough upon Earth, to the most Noble and Useful Purpose. To return; The reason why this Musick does not sensibly affect the Inhabitants of your little World, is because 'tis so very loud, and Unintermitted withal, that it keeps their Organs Benumm'd and Stupifi'd; as indeed your Faculty of Hearing is one of the Dullest and most Defective in your composition. An Instance of This you have among you in those People that have the *Cataracts* or *Cataradupa* of the River *Nile* in their Neighbourhood; the perpetual Flouds of Water that tumble-down to rights from the Tops of Mountains, and Cliffs of a dreadful Height, make
such

such a violent Roaring, that the very Capacity of Hearing is Prevented by it. Thus the sounds that are caus'd by the rapid Revolutions of all the great Wheels of Nature in Confort, are so strong and fierce that Mortal Ears are too Close and Narrow to admit the Operation ; just as Human Eyes are too weak and tender to look stedfastly upon the Body of the Sun and dwell upon its Glories. You may imagine, my Friends, all this was a very new and surprizing Scene ; but still I cou'd not forbear looking down towards Home. At which, I perceive, say'd *Africanus*, your Sight is directed upon the Stage of Human Life. 'Tis inconsiderable in Compass, and I suppose you think it so ; and therefore let me advise you to turn your Back upon't, and make Heaven the perpetual Object of your Sight and Subject of your Meditation. All the Repute, Applause, and Glory you can possibly purchase to your self in that Quarter of the World, What is it worth when you have it ? You see upon the Surface there, how few Parts of it are Inhabited ; and how dispicable too those are for the Dimensions of them ; Nay and as little room as they take up, How many Wast Deserts and what Wild Extents of Solitude are there in every one of those little Spots upon the Map ? Besides that, the Situations of the Inhabitants, where you meet with them, are so Broken and Shut up from one another, that they

they cannot all of them, hold Correspondence and exchange Intelligence: And some of the People live Obliquely at a great Distance from your Corner, and others again towards the other Pole, and others in a Position Diametrically contrary to yours. All these lie too far out of the Way to propagate your Fame and swell your Character. You may take notice too, how the Body of the Ball seems to be girt or swaddled, as I may call it, with several Zones or Belts. Two of these which are as distant as they can be from each other, and front the two Celestial Poles, the one on one side, and t'other on t'other, are, you may perceive, all over Icy and Frozen; The Midmost and the Largest is perfectly Bak'd and Parch'd by the Sun: The other Two are Temperate and Habitable; the one upon the South, and this you and your Neighbours are no way concern'd with, because they that live within the limits of it are all of them, more or less, your Opposites and Antipodes; the other upon the North, which is that where your Business lies; and mark it well, I beseech you, what a very slight Share on't makes out the whole Theatre of your Empire! Indeed all that mighty Tract of *Terra Firma* which you Mortals are in possession of; What is it more than a little sort of an Island, very narrow in the Longitude, but somewhat wider in the Latitude, and far-rounded with what you call the *Atlantick* and the *Great Sea* or *Ocean*; Very improper Appell-

pellations, I conceive, if you take measure of it from hence. And even within the Precincts of that Spot of Ground that's Peopled and Known, how it is possible that the Story of your Actions, or your Father's, or Mine, should travel over the Height of *Caucasus* that way, or ferry-over the Breadth of *Ganges* t'other way? Much less is your Name like to be carry'd into the very furthest Climates, East, West, North, or South? And now, when all these Regions and Countreys are Discounted, 'tis very Visible to what a scanty Inclosure the Splendour of all your Glory and Renown will of necessity be confin'd. Then agen; The Mouths that are full of your Commendations, how soon will the time come when they shall all be Silenc'd? Nay and if Posterity should prove as Hearty and Industrious as we can wish, in the Conveyance of those Encomiums that may be due, respectively, to each of us, from Father to Son, as far as 'twill go, yet therẽ are and will be such things in the Course of Nature as Inundations and Conflagrations which return within certain and fixt Periods of Time, and these make it utterly Impossible that the Memory of a great Man's Merit and Character should live out many Ages, much less for ever. And besides, Where's the great Advantage of having your Example blazon'd and celebrated by the Voice of Those that are to come after you; when
there

there was not a word say'd of you by those that liv'd before you? Let me tell you, their Numbers were as Considerable, and the Men much better. But whatever sort of People, or how many soever they may be that come acquainted with the Testimonies and Monuments of your Desert, 'tis an Impossibility that either Yours or the Remembrance of any Body else should survive the Man *a whole Year together*. I confess, 'tis your way Underneath to make the Measure of a Year the Revolution or Return of a single Planet (the *Sun* I mean) to the same Point: whereas the whole Confederacy of the Heavenly Bodies must recover the very same Order and Position from whence they set out, and by a leisurely Progress and Advance, bring-about the proper and entire Complement of an Universal Year, (an Interval which comprehends a longer series of *Generations*, as you call them, than I am willing to tell you, *before the true Year is Consummate*. Just at the time of *Romulus's* Admission to the Privileges of this Divine Palace and Society, there was a Total Eclipse of the Sun; inso-much that the Spectatours apprehended the Body of it to be Obscur'd for Good and all. Now, when the Sun shall be under an Eclipse the next time, in the same Place as before, and in the very same Instant; all the Stars too both within and without the Zodiack, shall be return'd to the same Positions and Aspects they were.

were arriv'd at so long since, and then there will be a Year Compleat; but as yet (you must understand) not so much as the Twentieth Part of it is Over. So that supposing you were out of all hope and Prospect of being restor'd to these Mansions and this Life, into which all the Satisfaction and Ambitions of the Best and Bravest Men are resolv'd; Where's your Account in your Popular Esteem and Applause, as long as 'tis impossible it should last beyond a very short Portion of a single Year? Upon the Matter then; Are your Thoughts and Desires level'd Upwards, and the Powers of your Soul Intent and Fixt upon our Sublime Abodes and Everlasting State of Happyness and Triumph? Beware, I advise you, of staking the main Chance upon the Opinions and Representations of the Multitude, and never set your Heart upon the Encouragement of any Human Rewards whatsoever. But resign yourself entirely to the Invitations and Charms of an abstracted Vertue, and she'll infallibly conduct you to genuine and solid Glory. Be it to themselves whatever other People are pleas'd to report of you, for Talk they must and will. But whatever they say, the Noise of the Narration cannot exceed those compendious Limits that lie there before you; and besides 'tis very Transient and Short-liv'd, and either expires with the Generation then flourishing, or however is quickly dropt in the Tradition by
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the Neglect and Forgetfulness of Posterity. Since so it is, and you give me these Assurances, Sir, (say'd I interrupting him) that an Indefatigable Activity and Vigour in the support and service in the Publick Interest is a Path which will directly bring a Man to Heaven; as diligently as I have always endeavour'd to preserve and promote the Dignity and Honour of my Family by an emulous Imitation, from my very Childhood, of yours and my Father's Example and Conduct, the addition of such an Invaluable Recompence as this in Reversion will animate and Oblige me to prosecute my Business more earnestly and industriously than ever. By all means let it have that effect, (say'd he) and rest satisfy'd of this that 'tis not *You* that are Mortal, but only this same *Machine* of a *Body*. For you must know, 'tis not any Configuration or Complexion of the external Parts that distinguishes your Species, but Every Man's *Mind* or *Soul* is absolutely *Himself*, and exclusively of his Visible Shape and Substance. In a word (be perswaded and convinc'd of it) You are in some sence a *Divinity*. The Sovereign Deity in an active and Intelligent being, that Remembers and Foresees, and regulates and manages the Universe: Thus the Mind, with respect to the Body over which it presides. And as all that Part of the Material World which is Mutable or Mortal, owes its Motions and Operations to the Di-
recti-

rection of an Eternal God; just so the Immortal Soul of Man is the Principle of Life and Action to the Material and Animal Part of him which is Dissoluble and Infirm; † his *Immortal Soul*, I say, because whatever has in its nature a Power of Acting and Moving Perpetually, is Eternal; as, on t'other hand, That which actuates or communicates Motion to something else, but must withal first be acted upon itself by another Second Cause, whenever its borrow'd Motion is at an end, loses all its Life and Activity. At the same time Being, to which the Faculty of self-Motion is Essential, cannot abandon and betray it self; and not only so, but is likewise a Source and Principle of Motion to other Movers. Now the Notion of a *Principle*; properly and simply understood, is exclusive of an Origin of that Principle; that is to say, a Principle is That out of which all other Compounds or Effects of that Principle derive themselves, and into which its own Substance is ultimately resolv'd; for
tis

† The following Proof of the Soul's Immortality being a very bold and unlicens'd one, as it stands in the Original, I have ventur'd to qualifie and correct the Sense of it as well as I could, for my Reader's sake and my Author's too; but some Assertions in it would admit of no Palliation, and should have been consider'd in a few short Reflexions at the end of this Discourse, but that their Absurditie is manifest of it self, and besides has been sufficiently expos'd by several Learned Writers that have confuted the Errors of the Platonists and Pythagoreans and the Origenian Doctrine of Preexistence.

'tis certain it could not be a *Principle* if the Substance of it were Extracted and Derivative; Which since it is not, neither is it, in its own nature, subject to Dissolution or Annihilation. Otherwise a *Principle* might fail, and so consequently neither be renew'd itself, nor continue any longer Antecedent and Fundamental to other things, and yet hold on to be That out of which all other Compounds or Effects of it derive themselves. Upon the Whole then, the Principle of Motion in Human Nature lies in that Part which has a Power and Liberty of Moving itself: and This, as it existed before, so it cannot die with or after our Bodies; you may as well conceive the Universe to be both a *Chaos* and a *World* at one time, and all the Parts of it Unsusceptive of any Influence or *Efficacy* from the first Mover. Now then, 'tis evident, whatsoever has a Power of Moving itself must be Eternal; and there is no Body I suppose but will allow that every Human Soul has this Power. 'Tis only for Brute and Inanimate Beings to be put into Motion by an impulse of Something Without them; Whatever is conscious of a Soul in it self moves and Acts upon the Strength of a Force or Facultie that's lodg'd in the very Essence of it; and the immediate Seat and Subject of this Facultiy is the Soul. Now Self-Agitation or Motion being a Privilege

peculiar to the Soul, it follows that as your Mind was in Being before you were Born, so it shall subsist forever. Now then, You are to see that this Soul of yours be kept employ'd upon the Noblest Resolutions and Exercises of Life, among which all Publick Administrations and Services and the Part of a Patriot are in the foremost Rank, and the more Conversant and Engag'd a Man's Mind is in Concerns of this nature, the sooner he may expect to be recall'd up to his Original Condition of Life in these Parts of the World; and sooner yet, if during its State of Captivity, it disengages itself from any Entercourses with the Body as much as it can, and looks abroad with its Faculties, habituates itself to the Speculation of distant and sublime Objects; the Souls of all such Persons as have deliver'd up themselves to the Service of Sensual Pleasure, and so far submitted to their Inferiour Appetites, as even to overbear, in the Gratification of them, all Obligations of Duty to God and Man, being doom'd by an inevitable Decree, when they have quitted their Bodies, to straggle and hover about upon the Surface of the Earth, and not to return hither till their State of Disquietude concludes with a Period of a great many Ages. Here *Africanus* gave over and withdrew, and immediately I wak'd upon't.

F I N I S.

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